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# THE PRIVATEER A METRICAL ROMANGE BY A SAILOR



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# THE PRIVATEER:

## A METRICAL ROMANCE.

BY

# A SAILOR.



## LONDON:

# GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,

SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERY AND HARRIS,

CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

MDCCCLXXIV.

280. n. 84!

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J. CHRISTIE, PRINTER, CROSS STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

# This Volume is

## AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

## TO ANNIE.

'Midst all the forms that meet the eyes,
Of varied charms possest,
There's always one we learn to prize
Far, far above the rest;
Though others fail, perchance, to trace
A single beauty there,
For us 'tis fraught with ev'ry grace—
The fairest of the fair!
And where I roam, or whom I see,
My heart can ne'er be false to thee!
For dearer far than all to me
Is thy sweet smile!

There may be brighter eyes than thine,
And features far more fair,
But would I seek to call them mine—
My joys and griefs to share?
No! no!—the charms by Beauty worn
Must wither—like the rose;
Thy smile will please when they are gone,—
'Tis better far than those!
And where I roam, or whom I see,
My heart can ne'er be false to thee!
For dearer far than all to me
Is thy sweet smile!

Let others seek for forms divine
Their "hearths and homes" to bless,
The charms that never fade are thine—
The soul's true loveliness!
For if, to cheer our toiling race,
The light from Heaven's throne
Was ever seen on weman's face,
It rests upon thine own!
And where I ream, or whom I see,
My heart can ne'er be false to thee!
For dearer far than all to me
Is thy sweet smile!

## PREFACE

When about sixteen years of age, I became very fond of writing poetry, and ever since that time I have employed a large portion of my leisure hours in studying and practising metrical composition; the result being that poem after poem has accumulated under my hands; a selection from which I have now chosen for publication.

Left an orphan in childhood, I was sent to sea (that "stepmother of the unfortunate") when only twelve years old, hence it may be easily understood that my early education was of a limited nature, and if the following poem is wanting in elaborateness, I trust that this circumstance will be borne in mind; also that portions of the work were composed in the forecastle, at the wheel, and aloft; and that it was completed during my twenty-second year.

I have been told by literary advisers that humorous writing is my particular forte, but I have published this Romance first because I wish to lay the poems before the public in the same rotation as that in which they were composed; reserving the humorous poems for a second volume, as may be seen by the back of the title-page

With these few words of introduction, I now leave the reader to make the acquaintance of one of the silent companions of my night watches; trusting that its perusal may afford pleasure, even as its composition was a source of great comfort and gratification to

THE AUTHOR.

SOUTH WEST INDIA DOCKS, LONDON, May 1st, 1874.

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# THE PRIVATEER:

## A METRICAL ROMANCE.

## CANTO THE FIRST.

1

SEE where, in all his evening splendour drest,
The day's great ruler's sinking in the west;
Around his throne his gather'd forces wait,
Reflect his beauty, and increase his state;
Far o'er the waves he sends his golden light,
And tints creation beautifully bright;
The sky above—the sea beneath—displays
One grandly glowing, universal blaze,
Which every moment's deepen'd and increased
By wand'ring sunbeams hast'ning from the east.

Still slowly sinking through the realms of space
Till distant ocean seems to touch his face,
Round his royal form he makes the heaving main
Of liquid fire seem one unbounded plain;
And from the east each ling'ring ray recalls
To give one last bright look before he falls:
As o'er the sky those parting beams are sent,
With loveliest hues tints all the firmament;
—
As o'er the sea those parting beams advance,
Divides the ocean with his fiery glance!
And sets at last, begirt with light sublime,
To gild the waves of many a distant clime.

2

On one fair summer's eve in days of yore
Thus set the sun on Britain's western shore;
The seaward sky still felt his falling pow'r,
And lengthen'd out the ling'ring twilight hour
Till the moon rose, and from the east shone bright;
Exulting in the guidance of the night;
With strength and beauty she was doubly crown'd,
And, unopposed, reign'd ev'rywhere around.

The stars shone twinklingly on high, And cloudless was the summer sky;

A zephyr from the east arose,—
The upper branches of the trees
Waved slightly to the gentle breeze,

Which scarcely broke the air's repose; Except that now and then was heard The screaming of some ocean bird,

Deep silence reign'd o'er land and sea;
Tired with the labours of the day,
All nature calmly seem'd to lay
At rest in mighty majesty.

3

On a steep cliff, which, frowning o'er the main, Sloped inland, smooth and grassy as a plain, With measured step and ever list'ning ear There slowly paced a lonely cavalier; Who, by sure signs, 'twas easy to declare Was then awaiting some companion there; For to and fro he trod the grassy ground, And gazed, anon, with eyes expectant round.

While on the cliff the moon unclouded shone, Full on his form her silv'ry rays were thrown; Which, fairly tall, athletically made, Combined activity and strength displayed: His step was firm: throughout his frame was seen A manly bearing and a graceful mien; His years were few,—though youth's bright sun had set, Its soft'ning traces linger'd round him yet: Most richly fraught with intellectual grace Was his expressive, dark-complexioned face; His eyes and forehead gave, when both combined, Sure indications of a lofty mind: The latter was unusually high, The former seem'd all study to defy: And yet those features caused him to appear Form'd for the good to love, the bad to fear.

4

He look'd around, but could not see

The person he expected there;

Then pausing, turn'd towards the sea,

And lightly humm'd a fav'rite air;

Next moment on the moon he gazed,

And then his voice, full, rich, and rare,
To sing this song he gently raised,

Revealing what his feelings were.

1

"My happiness nought earthly can enhance,
For when I fondly gaze within the eyes
Of her I love, they send me back a glance
Which in love's language thus to mine replies;
'Thou can'st not doubt me, for oh! without thee
I would with joy my life resign!
I'll ne'er deceive thee, or ever grieve thee,
For I am ever, ever thine!'

O

My secret thoughts to her I will reveal

When lips to lips confidingly we press;

Oh! when I gaze upon her form, I feel

I ne'er can love her any more—or less!

I may not doubt her, for oh! without her

I would be in the world alone;

I'll ne'er deceive her, or ever grieve her,

But make her happiness my own."

5

"Oh! is it thus that thou dost pass

Thy time away when I'm not near?

I thought thee true; but find, alas,

Thou courtest yonder silv'ry sphere:

If thus thou serenad'st the moon,

I'll surely die of jealousy!

And deem thy boasted love for me

Declining ere it reach its noon."

As playfully these accents fell,

The cavalier—who little needed

The evidence of sight to tell

From whom the welcome voice proceeded-

Advanced with hasty steps to where

All smiling came his lady fair:

Another moment, and his arms

With gentleness and love were thrown

Round her who lived for him alone;

She, with that grace to maidens known,

To him resigned her charms:

Fair reader, say! can language tell

Their happiness unspeakable ?

6

When the loved form is passionately prest
With love's sweet vigour to the panting breast;—
When the protracted, heart-transferring kiss
Fills kindred spirits with responsive bliss;—
When in the silent language of the eyes
We ask sweet questions and return replies;—
When love its essence in the blood instills,
And the whole frame with softest rapture fills;—
To lovers only, love will then reveal
The joys which none but lovers ever feel.

7

Awhile they stood exchanging sweet caresses, His dark hair mingling with her auburn tresses;

Oh! if I only had the power

To describe the beauties, which—
E'en had they been her only dower—

Made her incalculably rich;
Oh! if I could enumerate

The charms to her by nature given,
And of her sinless mind, that great

Inestimable gift of heaven,

Write down a true description here— What a fair image would appear To charm the reader's mind and eye: But that, alas; t'were vain to try.

8

The poet wants a heroine—

A child of beauty, free from sin,—

A vision rises in his mind,

A form of such pure loveliness, Possessing beauty so refined

That he a moment feels distress

To think that it should only be

An air-created phantasy;

Raised by imagination's pow'r

In inspiration's teeming hour;

And unto him awhile display'd

That it may be in words convey'd

Upon the paper: tremblingly

His fingers o'er the pages fly;

Thought follows thought, line follows line

With great rapidity: anon

He pauses;—it is to gaze upon

The form he almost deems divine;

That not a single charm pass by
Unmarked by his expressive eye:
Another moment, and his pen
Upon the paper glides again;
And thus it moves across the sheet
Until he deems its work complete.
But when, with thought and feeling warm,
Again he pauses, to compare
The creature of his trembling care
With fruitful Fancy's faultless form,—
Oh! what a difference is there;
It may be very beautiful,
But still to Fancy's form 'tis dull:
He gazes on it with surprise,

And seeks to better it—in vain! It matters not how long he tries,— Imperfect it will still remain:

For words, in a completely faultless way,
The mind's conceptions never can portray;
Try all we can, we must at last confess
The former lacks the latter's loveliness:
In Fancy's realms a perfect form may rise,
But only there unchanged it lives and dies.

9

The maiden seem'd, survey'd as there she stood, In the first bloom of lovely womanhood;

Above her sex's usual height,

But not too tall; proportion'd well;

Her dress, form'd of a fabric light,

Fit for the genial summer night,

Presented to her lover's sight

Her bosom's undulating swell;

As, panting with its own delight,

It rose and fell.

With a complexion very fair,

Her rosy, happy-looking face,

Which bore not e'en the slightest trace

Of past or present pain or care,

Proclaim'd that health and peace reign'd there;

And that the happy mind within

Was free from sorrow and from sin.

Her lips were arch'd like Cupid's bow,

Tinged with a rich, inviting glow:

Her hair was of a golden hue,

And level with her ears it grew

In an uneven, rippling way,

Like wavelets on a summer's day;

From thence descending to her waist

Its natural curls her form embraced,

And lightly kiss'd her lovely face;

And lightly kiss'd her lovely face;

The fresh ning breeze blew in among

Them all, but whither they were flung—

No matter where—they fell with grace,

And still seem'd in their proper place.

Her mouth was small; of Grecian mould

Were both her nose and chin;

Her brow to each observer told

That only purest thoughts could hold

A place within.

Her eyes were blue, and nothing could enhance The tender depth of their confiding glance, As on his face she gazed with earnest truth, In all the charming innocence of youth. In those fair orbs there beautifully shone

The very essence of the soul of love.

Her hopes were wove round him she loved alone;

Her trust was centred in her God above.

### 10

The greeting o'er, "Dear Ellen! I am glad

That thou art here to-night," her lover said;

"For I have felt unusually sad

Since last I saw thee; I have felt a dread

That some misfortune hover'd o'er thy head;

But in what evil form, where, when, or why,

It was to fall, defeated me:—but I

Have been tormented with a groundless fear,

For thou art here!

And I am happy: ev'ry dread has vanish'd,

By thy sweet presence overthrown and banish'd!"

## 11

"Tis foolish, dearest! thus of thee
To fret thyself with fears for me;
And that thou feelest them, I know,
Because thy glances tell me so;
For thou dost oft look sad and pensive,
As if of danger apprehensive.
Perhaps I can relieve thee, dearest!
Come! tell me what it is thou fearest!

To thine own words I now appeal,

For in thy song I heard thee say

That unto one—not far away—

Thou would'st thy secret thoughts reveal;

And well I know that one can be

No other person, love! but me.

Oh! did'st thou deem thou could'st impart

A glow of pleasure to my heart,

How quickly would'st thou then confide

In me; then thy sad thoughts divide:

Thy heart is mine, mine thine, and I would share

Whatever joy or grief thou feelest there!"

#### 12

"Forgive me, love! if I have tried
From thee my secret thoughts to hide;
To shew them all I will not fail,
But first, dear Ellen! to me tell
When does thy cousin Bertrand sail?"
"Some hours ago he bade farewell
To my dear parents and to me,
And said that ere the day was o'er
He would be far upon the sea,
So doubtless he has left the shore:

I heard him to my father say His future home is on the main. And many years will pass away Ere he can visit us again. I cannot grieve that he has gone, For—doubtless 'twas a silly whim— Since first I saw him I have borne

13

No feelings of regard for him."

"Well pleased am I, my love! to hear That the wild, roving privateer-Thy cousin Bertrand—'s gone; For where he is there's danger near, As many live to mourn: His absence surely gives relief;

His presence brings, alas! but grief; And in this universe there's none Whose hate I dread, excepting one! His hate's a demon's, not a man's, To judge by his revengeful plans: They are so merciless and deep That they inevitably steep

Their victims in such misery That 'tis to them a charity If heaven will in pity send Them death; and all their torture end. Thy cousin Bertrand is that one! Nay! love; he sail'd ere set of sun, And vanish'd is the danger run: But listen; and I'll now relate The reason why he bears me hate; And why my mind has been deprest While he has been thy father's guest: Through him alone my fears arose, For, unlike fair and manly foes, To further his revenge on me He'd scruple not to injure thee: No coward's deed too foul he deems If it but carries out his schemes; And thus I know his hate to be Dishonourable enmity.

# THE PRIVATEER:

## A METRICAL ROMANCE.

## CANTO THE SECOND.

1

"Ere my lamented sire expired

And left me yonder broad domain,

Thou knowest, 'gainst the fleet of Spain
I fought, with naval ardour fired;

'Twas glory then my heart desired;

A stranger both to love and thee,

I knew not such sweet, holy joy,— Such undisturbed felicity

As I have known since I retired

From those exciting scenes of strife:

But I was then a fiery boy,

And revel'd in my roving life.

When the conclusion of the war Required our fleet at sea no more, Our ships, upon their homeward way,

Were order'd all to Cadiz, where
Our shatter'd army, day by day,
Embark'd for home without delay;

But wind and weather proved unfair, And kept our troops and vessels there.

While thus we waited, weatherbound,
Thy cousin full employment found;
And for an ardent Spanish maid
Such simulated love display'd,
That—practised in the villain's part—
His false affection gain'd her heart.
He urged her to become his bride,
And she'd have willingly complied,
But his consent her sire denied;
For in the town thy cousin's name
Had gain'd unenviable fame:
'Twas said that he had always been
A daring, shameless libertine;—

The leader of a reckless band—
The scum and dregs of every land—
Who own'd no law, save his command.
The sire interrogated me

To learn the truth of these reports;
And I, with little hesitation,
Replied that in my chief resorts
The privateer was said to be
A bold, intriguing debauchee;

And this, love, was the provocation

Î gave thy cousin; who, 'twas said,

Vow'd fearful vengeance on my head.

Thus, though the maiden's eyes were blind,

Suspicion filled her father's mind;

And, trembling for their daughter dear,

Her parents watched the privateer

With feelings of distrust and fear.

2

"Azela was their only child,—

The light of their declining years,

And 'twould have cost them bitter tears

To part with her who'd long beguiled

Their lives so pleasantly away: For she was light of heart, and gay, And happily they'd past each day Till her perverted passion brought Them back once more to anxious thought. They deem'd at first that it was nought But a mere transitory flame, That soon would vanish as it came; But when the maid began to show That it was far from being so, In turns they pointed out to her Her lover's doubtful character,-His occupation on the main,-The strange reports,—but all in vain: Some hidden charm appeared to bind her To that mad love which served to blind her; But warp'd affection always holds The senses in the passions' folds; And thus it with Azela proved: She heard all arguments unmoved. Thus, for a time, her parents tried To turn her from her love aside;

They reason'd with her, and they sued,—
Reproach'd her with ingratitude;
She only with her tears replied,
And silently the charge denied;
Until at last she raised the ire
Of her exasperated sire:
The circumstances he revolved
Within his mind, and then resolved

To exercise a parent's sway:

He knew that from her infancy

She'd always been obedient,

And never offer'd to dissent

From his commands, whenever he

Had found occasion to display

Parental power: and though of late

She'd from her usual path diverged,

Yet, even in her alter'd state,

If his commands were sternly urged,

He thought she would, he knew she should,

Unhesitatingly obey:

Accordingly, one fatal day

He gave the maid to understand It was his absolute command That she should utterly resign

All thoughts of being Bertrand's bride;

And on that very eve decline

His hand, and be to him denied

If ever he in future tried

To urge his suit, by word or line.

Alas! the father little knew

What love in woman's heart can do:

Undaunted by the words he used,

Azela steadily refused

To bow before her father's will:

He utter'd threats, they raised her pride,

She with asperity replied

That she would love her lover still:

They grew more obstinate and hot,
And in their heat themselves forgot;
Till finally the father swore
That he would curse her from his door
If she refused that evening to
Act as he'd order'd her to do.

22

And then he left her to decide

If she should be her lover's bride,—

Through future years with him to roam

Curst by her father from her home,—

Or bow before her sire's command,

And where she loved, deny her hand.

How dreadful each alternative—

To him she loved her hand refuse, Or by her father curst to live;

She doubtless knew not which to choose:

Alas for her! at evening's wane

The lovers met—but not to sever!

For they were never seen again

In Cadiz; search for them was vain,

For Bertrand sail'd that night from Spain,

And far away upon the main

The maid had fled with him for ever:

For ever!—aye! her father's door

Received his daughter nevermore!

The heavy, unexpected blow

Fill'd that once happy home with woe;

The mother, cold and silent grown,

Dwells there with memory alone;

For passion fired the father's brain,

Till madness seized on reason's reign;

E'en now, perhaps, with accents wild

He lives to curse his only child;

Who, if she lives, has lived to be

Cast off by him she loved so well;

And could a fearful story tell

Of long atoning agony.

3

"Such is my tale; I've heard, but know, no more:

And now, love! thou wilt doubtless wonder why
I did not tell thy parents this before

Thy cousin came to visit them; but I
Told them not of it: had I done so they

Told them not of it; had I done so, they
Had sent him coldly from their door away;
And well I know that his revengeful mind
Would soon some means of injuring them find.
Nay! fear not, love! thou tremblest—wherefore fear?
Is Bertrand not away?—am I not here?"

4

"Oh! Harold; after all I've heard,

I know not what thou'lt think of me

When I inform thee why I fear

And tremble, e'en while thou art here,

For I've this very day incurr'd

My cousin's animosity.

I fear my tale will cause thee grief,

But listen; and I will be brief:

And though thou gett'st with passion het,

Be calm; and interrupt me not.

5

"This afternoon, while walking slow
With musing mien and downward look
Along the bank of yonder brook,
I heard a voice, distinct but low,
Pronounce my name: I knew the sound,
And, looking tremblingly around,
Beheld, reclining at his ease
Beneath the overspreading trees,
My cousin on the other bank:
My heart with apprehension sank,

And felt, while thus with him alone,

More fear than it has ever known.

I knew not what to do or say,

And almost turn'd and fled away,

But paused: he stood upon the ground,

Survey'd the brook, which there was wide,

Leapt o'er it with a single bound,

And stood next moment by my side;

He knew not that I felt distress'd,

But thus to me himself address'd;

'Sweet cousin! ere tomorrow's sun

Shines from on high o'er Britain's Isles.

My swift and trusty ship will run

Me from these shores a hundred miles;

But ere from them I sail away

To thee I fain would speak a word,

And as what I desire to say

Admits not of the least delay,

Let it at once be said and heard;

Meanwhile, let yonder bow'r by Nature made,

From Sol's bright rays afford thee grateful shade.'

He took my hand within his own,

And walk'd in silence by my side;

I strove from him the thought to hide,
But how I wish'd myself alone!

For though his gesture, look, and tone,

All manly courtesy implied,
There was a something in his eye
That seem'd to give them all the lie.
He led me to our very seat—
Our loved and favourite retreat,
Then to my terror and surprise

Knelt down in silence at my feet,

And with a glance from those strange eyes.

Which I all vainly tried to meet,
And keenly felt, though could not see,
He thus address'd himself to me;—
But no! I cannot tell to thee
All that he utter'd, word for word,
For half insensibly I heard;
But ah! how too distinctly felt
'Twas as love's votary he knelt.

How long he spoke, I do not know,

But while he thus continued kneeling,

His rapid, passionate appealing

Appear'd to have more depth of feeling

Than a false wooer's words should shew:

And when he paused for my reply

His silence almost drove me mad.

For well I knew the answer I

Must give, would end the hopes he had;

And that I felt, would bring on me

What I much dread—his enmity.

I almost fainted with alarm; I tried to rise, but tried in vain, I tried to speak, but fail'd again; And yet, in all my outward guise I felt that to my cousin's eye's

I seem'd unnaturally calm.

Lured by my unexpressive look,

Which he for mute assent mistook,

He rose, enraptured, from his knees,—

My hand within his own to seize,—

To clasp my waist within his arm,—

One moment took; and yet the same
Saw me released from him again,
With dauntless mien and trembling frame!

The magic of that short embrace— Oh! how it leapt through ev'ry vein!

And mounting, met upon my face In one warm blush of shame! It loosed my tongue; changed fear to rage, (Rage, Harold; never felt before;

And may I never feel it more;)

And seem'd to change my sex and age;
For though his glance with passion shone,
It met one fearless as his own,
As I an angry answer made,
In words which best my thoughts convey'd.
Once utter'd—they were all forgot
By me,—with passing passion hot;
Their purport was—I loved him not.
But ere I'd ended my reply

He'd quite regain'd his former mien; His rage had vanish'd; only by The extra fulness of the eye (In which seem'd concentrated then

The cunning of a thousand men)

Could the soul's turbulence be seen.

He heard me calmly to an end,

Then said, with mock humility,

'Lady! I meant not to offend;

Or raise this lovely storm in thee:

For having caused thee such distress

Permit me to apologise;

But—though forbid by lips and eyes—

I fear I cannot love thee less!'

Thus saying, he recross'd the stream,

And quickly vanish'd from my sight;

When, like awaking from a dream

In which what I had heard and seen

Could not be recollected right,

I felt confused; and in affright

Fled swiftly homewards from the scene.

R

"My chamber gain'd, I soon grew calm,

For tears my troubled mind allay'd;

Freed from immediate alarm,

Of Bertrand still I felt afraid;

And inwardly resolved to stay

At home, till he had sail'd away;

Nor, till then, to my parents tell

Of this a single syllable.

He shortly came to say adieu,

But neither in his tone or mien
Could greater emphasis be seen
Than that which is to cousins due;
While I my feelings strove to hide
Beneath a lofty air of pride.

He left us; and ere daylight fled
 I saw his vessel's sails outspread;
 Ere this they must have caught the breeze,
 And bear him from us o'er the seas:
 As soon as he had left the shore

I hasten'd, Harold; to thine arms;
To feel, in thy embrace once more,

An antidote for all alarms:

O'er ocean's empire he delights to roam,

May we, dear Harold; love and live at home!"

7

She ceased; and gazed on Harold's face, Endeav'ring there his thoughts to trace, (No hopeless task, for 'twas indeed An easy book for love to read,) And by the stamp upon it set Knew apprehension linger'd yet.

8

"If I were not assured by thee That Bertrand now is on the sea I would not give the words belief!

For well I know 'tis not the plan
Of this revengeful pirate chief
To act like this; nor have recourse
Either to stratagem or force;

And by his deeds I judge the man! Fears—indistinct—my mind oppress,

And to thee still I fear some harm;— He said he could not love thee less

And yet seem'd passionless and calm!

I like it not! I like it not!

Not thus by him is aught forgot!-

Rejected love,—the spurn'd caress,

Should fire his brain, and nerve his arm.

But we've prolong'd our usual stay,
So, dearest! we will now return;
And as we pass the little bay
In which thy cousin's vessel lay
Perchance we shall his movements learn."

9

"Nay; love! thou can'st not heed the breeze;
The east wind blows no longer light;
To see the ship upon the seas
Will surely task our eyes to-night:
See how the clouds increase their speed
Across the moon's refulgent face;
Soon, dearest! wilt thy mind be freed
From apprehension's very trace."

10

They walk'd in thoughtful silence side by side
To where the cliffs the wish'd for view supplied;
With eager eyes the little bay they scann'd,
But quite deserted was the bay and strand;
Then out to sea their searching eyes were turn'd,
But not one vessel could be there discern'd:

The little waves in peace gave others chase,

No ship was there to break and spoil their race;

The east wind sigh'd, earth's produce answer'd low,

And the moon brightly smiled on all below.

# 11

The lovers paused: throughout the scene they view'd No sign of life broke nature's solitude,

Except themselves; and they might well have been Ta'en for the guardian genii of the scene.

Pleased with the sight, and anxious to dispel Care from the heart she knew and loved so well,

The maiden, smiling, gazed on Harold's face,

And all his fears to other thoughts gave place;

With love's soft fire his eyes on Ellen's shone,

And her bright glance reflected back his own.

# 12

Seaward the lovers gave one final look,

And then the homeward path, departing, took;

The half embrace show'd that their hearts were full

Of love's emotions, indescribable;

From their mute mouths not one short sentence fell,

But ah! their eyes said more than lips could tell!

Awhile they walk'd beneath the noble trees,

Amid the sweet serenity of night,

With hearts o'erflowing, and with minds at ease,

Blest with requited love's supreme delight;

And life appeared so lovely in their sight,

That Harold felt unable to restrain

His feelings; and from Inspiration's height, Burst forth in praise of sweet Affection's reign, In this half loving and half philosophic strain.

### 13

"Ellen; behold! as yonder moon so bright With beams benignant beautifies the night, And with soft rays, unaided and alone, Tints all below a colour of her own;—
So does thy love sweet influence impart—
Illumes my mind—irradiates my heart!
Whatever thoughts arise, or feelings move, A guiding light it never fails to prove.
How sweet is love to those who fully know How many blessings from the heart can flow!
How sweet is love to him who can resign All other pleasures for the one divine,

And with the chosen partner of his life
Flee from man's animosity and strife,
To feel, 'midst Nature's beauty and repose,
Existance thrilling with congenial glows;
In which the heart soon feels itself enshrined,
And lifts the veil when beauty strikes the mind,
Before imperfect, then 'tis render'd whole,
And seen at last with heart and mind—the soul!

# 14

"If love's emotions were to man denied
Life would no longer have a sunny side!—
Love is life's sun! without its bright'ning beams
Life would be always what it sometimes seems,—
A weary journey to an unknown doom!—
A riddle from the cradle to the tomb!—
Oh! where would man from worldly troubles rest
If home's dear joys were banish'd from the breast?
The mind—a stranger to such thoughts as those
Which prompt it when the heart with feeling glows—
Would only seek to gratify itself
By gaining pow'r,—accumulating pelf;

Desire—not hope—would stimulate the brain,—
Urge with the spur, but never draw the rein!
The mind, no longer guided by the heart,
Unscrupulously would perform its part;
And as its aims were either gain'd or lost,
Would by conceit be soothed, or passion tost.

# 15

"Upon wild rose trees many thorns may grow,
And yet the sun's bright influence never know;
But can the flow'r unfold its leaves so sweet
Unaided by Sol's necessary heat?—
Thus on life's tree grows fair affection's flower,
Its future fate in love's expanding power;
Aided by love—its beauties 'twill display;
Unaided—it will pass unseen away;
And when the storms of worldly care draw near,
Without life's flower how keen life's thorns appear!

#### 16

"Oh! love! from thee what varied blessings rise! Wheree'er thou art thy presence purifies! Who, ruled by thee, would not their ruler bless! Refiner of all earthly happiness! Compassion, constancy, and truth, combined
With all the highest virtues of mankind,
Gain strength from thee! and under thy controul,
To all things noble stimulates the soul!
Ambition, hate, may equal thee in force,
But spread no blessings round their onward course;
Thy sway is soothing, full of joy and peace,
While theirs our troubles and our cares increase;
Possess'd of thee—'twere wise to shun the rest,
For by thy power alone can man be truly blest!

#### 17

"For us, dear Ellen! may we always live
Possess'd of all that mutual love can give!
As two small streams, through hills and valleys past,
At the same point together meet at last,
And joining there, their future course pursue
With twice the strength apart they ever knew;—
So 'tis with us! our meeting point is won,
And on our way no more apart we run;
But hand in hand, in amity sublime,
Together journey down the stream of time!"

# THE PRIVATEER:

# A METRICAL ROMANCE.

# CANTO THE THIRD.

1

While with light hearts they rambled on their way
To where the maid's ancestral mansion lay,
The lovers deem'd no hidden danger near,
Nor thought one moment of the privateer;
No more suspicion haunted Harold's breast,
The cause had gone, his mind was set at rest;
And on his Ellen's future and his own
The sun of happiness unclouded shone.
So deem'd he then, with fond imagining,
Nor thought of woes some moments more would bring;
For while they thought their mutual danger past,
That very danger threaten'd them at last.

2

The hour was late, and from the moon-lit shore The lovers hasten'd quicker than before, Till the remainder of their homeward way Beneath old oaks and lofty poplars lay; So close the branches of the trees entwined That the moon's beams could scarce an opening find, And all below was only part display'd, Consign'd by summer leaves to constant shade. Scarce were the lovers fairly in the wood Than suddenly they paused, and silent stood;— What form is that they indistinctly see Beneath the boughs of yonder old oak tree ? They needed not a second glance to tell,— 'Twas one that either knew, alas! too well! To Harold mem'ry made the features clear,-'Twas his sworn foe-the dreaded privateer! And yet—how could it be? some hours before Had Ellen seen his vessel leave the shore! But he was there! for what?-in accents low Vague apprehension whisper'd, "For thy woe!"

3

Bertrand approach'd them with a rapid stride, While Ellen closer drew to Harold's side; Fear'd for his safety, yet on him relied: With gentle haste he kiss'd away a tear, And bade her, smilingly, dismiss all fear: For who could injure her while he was near? But while he thus to calm her fears replied, His anxious look his ev'ry word denied. Should strife ensue, deem not he dreaded one,-What man could do, by Harold would be done; But if o'erpower'd by a number more, What fate might then for Ellen be in store?— Such was the form his apprehensions bore. Bertrand approach'd them at a rapid pace, Till the two men once more stood face to face: At Ellen's form admiringly he gazed, And then his eyes to Harold's features raised; He started back ;—again to contemplate; And all the fierceness of reviving hate The more he gazed, the more his face express'd, As thus to Harold he himself address'd:

•

"This meeting's welcome! chance has now supplied The opportunity so long denied; Some former favours I may now requite, For fortune smiles upon my plans tonight! Had I for years some mode of vengeance sought, On one like this my mind had never thought; A deed so simple! yet, when all is done, Hate will be gratified, and beauty won! Thus will one action serve a double end, And schemes of love with schemes of hatred blend; Thrice lucky chance! that in a single hour Thus places all I wish for in my pow'r. Remember'st thou that in another land Once thou did'st question what my mind had plann'd !-In public dared my actions to review, And gossip'd much of what thou little knew! Though unsuccessful, all could see thy aim, And actions and intentions mean the same: Thy kindness then I never can forget, But gladly hasten to repay the debt.

I was the lover then: now, at thy side, Stands the fair maiden thou would'st make thy bride; As thou of old, so I will now essay To place obstructions in thy future way; And on thy mind this certainty impress-My course of action shall ensure success! But night advances, and before the day Far from these shores my ship must be away; Fair blows the breeze to speed her o'er the sea, And the crew wait impatiently for me; While I, dear maid! delay with thee to roam,— Am here to bear thee to thy future home. In fairer climes that distant home is placed. By thy sweet presence to be shortly graced; From here bright summer soon will flee away Before stern winter's harsh, despotic sway; No longer then such scenes as these appear, But all around is comfortless and drear; While storm on storm unintermitting roars, And wild, tempestuous billows lash the shores.

Unlike to this, upon mine own fair Isle Eternal summer sheds her genial smile! Great Nature's self regenerates the ground, And earth's rich produce flourishes around! No scant reward for lengthen'd labour yields, But springs spontaneous from the fertile fields! And if, perchance, a transient storm arise, It fiercely rages; but it quickly dies; Or from our Isle, revolving, speeds away, Nor lingers there to mar the face of day; But swiftly northward takes its circling flight, To join the horrors of unchanging night. Sweet maiden! thou my island home shalt share;-Thyself the fairest work of nature there!-Be the presiding genius of the scene, And reign a fitting and acknowledged queen: My subjects all shall recognise thy sway,-Anticipate thy wishes, and obey: O'er all the Isle, and far beyond the shore, Thou shalt be mistress! dost thou wish for more?

With wealth, with subjects, pow'r on land and sea,
How many queens may justly envy thee!
Yet thou art loath to leave thy lover's side;
And though thy bosom throbs, 'tis not with pride.
But cease this trifling;—come with me away!—
When Bertrand speaks, to hear is to obey!
For I must bear thee from thy lover's arms,
And to mine own fair clime transplant thy charms."

"And dost thou think," with fury Harold cried,
"To take the maiden from my very side!

She shall not leave me till I cease to breathe!

Beware!—I have a poignard to unsheath!

Instinctively my fingers clutch the hilt,—

Away! away! urge not my hand to guilt!"

Bertrand smiled scornfully; "Rash youth!" he said,
"Thy fate rests solely on thine own young head;
I came not here to bandy words or blows,—

I came to court, and not to fight with foes;
Throw down thy weapon, and release the maid!—

Well; as thou wilt;—thy parting's but delay'd."

A silver whistle twice he gently blew,

And in the distance there was plainly heard

An answer like the call-note of a bird,

And soon appear'd a number of his crew;

All arm'd, and ready to obey his word,
What he commanded, they were bound to do.
He then resumed, "Now wilt thou rashly brave
Instant destruction and an unknown grave?
If I desired to rid thee of thy life,
Soon would a bullet end this foolish strife;
But I would spare thee: if thou wilt but yield,
In peace and safety thou shalt quit the field:
If thou wilt not, for heaven's mercy pray!
Quick! quick decide!—I cannot here delay."

5

With hopeless eye and trembling hand Harold survey'd the warlike band,
And felt a wild, despairing sense
Of his own utter impotence;
For what, against that lawless crew,
Arm'd with a poignard, could he do?

And yet, how maddening to part

Thus from the idol of his heart;—

These two alternatives were left,

And they were both of hope bereft.

The maiden's arms were round him thrown,—
He felt her heart against his own,

While her convulsive sobs express'd

The agony within her breast;

And could he then from Ellen sever?

And lose her—aye! perhaps for ever!

With all his soul he answer'd, "Never!

Thy threats I scorn! thy power defy!

Together we will live or die!"

հ

Scarce was the daring answer made
Than Bertrand with a rapid hand
Thrust back the foremost of his band,
And check'd the ready blow;

An instant's pause;—'twas follow'd by
A sharp report,—a woman's cry,

And Harold on the turf was laid,
While from his wound the blood began to flow;

Another shriek, and Ellen lay Unconscious at her lover's side,— She saw that trickling, crimson tide,

And reason fled away:

"Quick! men; the fleetest, with the greatest care,
Convey her to the beach; await me there!

While she is senseless hasten to the shore,
When there, her form to consciousness restore;—
I'll join the boat ere many moments more:
Remove this man—beware his wounded knee—
And lash him carefully to yonder tree;
So!—not too tightly;—leave him now to me;
Be all prepared; our vessel sails tonight,
And must be trackless ere the morning light."

With speed the crew obey'd each brief command;—

As Bertrand saw his foe securely bound
And Ellen carried senseless from the ground,
The smoking pistol still within his hand
Proclaim'd its work none other than his own.
His men departed; they were left alone.

7

Awhile with folded arms and mocking eye,
Bertrand beheld his foe before him lie;
Bound to the tree, half senseless, there he lay,
The life-blood flowing from his wound away;
This Bertrand saw, and kneeling by his side
Their handkerchiefs as bandages applied,
(Deem not 'twas pity moved his hand to this,
For 'twas that virtue's broad antithesis;—
Such cruel hate the conquering savage fills
Who spares his foe to torture ere he kills;)
And when he found the blood had ceased to flow,
He rose, and thus address'd his prostrate foe:

8

"Harold! attend me! I would fain be heard
While in thine ears I speak a parting word;
My debt is cancell'd now! upon the strand
My boat awaits to bear me from the land,
But now no more in solitude I roam,
For my sweet Ellen shares my ocean home!
And the same wind that speeds me from the shore
Conveys the maiden hence for evermore.

Blow! thou fair breeze! and ere the eastern sky Proclaims the ruler of the day is nigh, My trusty ship shall sever distant seas, And, borne before the favourable breeze, Far from thine-arms thy promised bride shalt bear, My future dangers and my joys to share! Deem not she'll always unrelenting prove— Time will all barriers to my suit remove; Unceasingly I'll play the lover's part Until I gain possession of her heart: Thou'lt recollect I knew, in days gone by, The lover's uses of the tongue and eye?-Experience since has much improved my skill, And with success I play the lover still: Then what should keep fair Ellen's heart from me?— Perchance thou thinkest—memory of thee!— With that vain thought let not thy hope be fed— She will but mourn thee if she deems thee dead! She saw thee fall,—perchance I saw thee die! Why should she then my proffer'd suit deny?—

If art should fail, there's yet another course,—
When cunning's useless, strength's our sole resource!
For thee, young sir! of future deeds beware!—
I spare thee now, but ne'er again will spare!
If e'er by thee my future path is cross'd,
Thou art from then irrevocably lost;
Thee from thy doom no mortal pow'r can save,
But Bertrand's hate shall chase thee to the grave!"
He ceased: look'd scornfully where Harold lay,
Turn'd on his heel, and quickly strode away.

9

The wood was clear'd, and on he swiftly sped,
The long grass rustling 'neath his heavy tread;
He shunn'd the path the lovers trod before,
And took his way, obliquely, to the shore,
Till on the cliffs he check'd his rapid stride,
To scan the outline of the falling tide:—
His boat lay ready at th' appointed place,
And on he hasten'd at a quicker pace;
By a steep path descended to the strand,
And found obey'd each previous command.

10

There in the boat the captive Ellen lay,

The bloom of health from off her cheek had fled, But o'er her reason had resumed its sway,

Alas! 'twere better absent!—hope was dead!

And fearful is the intellectual ray

Which o'er the prospect of the future spread,
To wearied eyes with vivid pow'r displays
The blighted hopes of other, happier days.
She shed no tears; so heavy was the blow
That sorrow's soothing streams refused to flow;
And when to woman tears refuse relief,
Vain are all efforts to relieve her grief;
Her undimm'd eyes no sympathy can share,
For sorrow then has fled before despair.

#### 11

While Ellen shudder'd with instinctive fear, Close to her side approach'd the privateer; Upon her form a single glance he threw, Then gave the order to the ready crew;— The boat's keel grated harshly on the strand,
Felt itself free and glided from the land;
By willing arms the bending oars were plied,
And they sped swiftly o'er the rippling tide.
A point was rounded, and before their sight
The ship shone brightly in the moon's soft light;
Behind the point awaiting them she lay,
Hid from the view of all within the bay.
They made a signal; those on board replied,
And the boat quickly touch'd the vessel's side;
The deck was reach'd, and to a cabin led,
Soon on a couch reclined the maiden's head;
For thither Bertrand saw her safely shown,
And left her, to her great relief, alone.

12

Awhile she lay; unconscious of the din

The busy seamen made upon the deck;

She only heard the voice of woe within,—

She only saw her heart's internal wreck;

She felt—her feelings none can tell,

For they were indescribable,—

To be deprived, in one short hour,

Alike of father—mother—all;

To see her lover lifeless fall;

To be within his murderer's pow'r!

Doom'd to become—the fearful thought

Before her eyes like lightning sped,

Her mind, with agony o'erwrought,

Back from itself, affrighted, fled:

She started up,—a port was nigh—

'Twas open! with a gleaming eye

She swift advanced, but from the sky

The moon its beams refulgent shed,

And the rash thought reproved:

She started back; advanced again,

But not with sin her soul to stain;

That momentary glance above

Recall'd to her the Father's love!

A thrill of self reproach she felt,

Before the port she humbly knelt,

And while she lowly bent her head

Her lips in silence moved,

As from her heart a simple pray'r she pour'd,

And her Creator's Heavenly aid implored.

13

Oh! Christianity! man's guiding star! How pure and just thy laws to mortals are! In thee, and thee alone, mankind may see Religion in its sweet simplicity! In thy sweet service no vain pomps occur,— The heart itself is thy chief minister! Though to the mind thou makest thy appeals, Thy soothing influence the heart first feels; For 'tis through love thou lovest best to win Misguided mortals from the ways of sin. How blest is he who can thy precepts view, Believe them fully, and obey them too! How blest is he (and ev'ry Christian must) Who on his God relies with perfect trust; Depending quite on his protecting pow'r To watch and tend him in the needful hour! Arm'd with true faith—impenetrable shield!— Against life's troubles he can take the field; And firmly feel of final vict'ry sure, Whatever hardships he may first endure.

Let dire misfortune fall with all its force,

He can bear up 'gainst its impetuous course;

His heart is ever proof against despair,

That hopeless feeling ne'er can enter there!

For through his faith by pray'r he can impart

New strength and courage to his trusting heart:

No matter what temptations round him fall,

With his firm shield he'll stand against them all!

For he is blest with Heaven's holy love,

And guardian angels tend him from above.

## 14

If the calm power of religion can
Subdue and bless the wayward heart of man,
How doubly welcome must its blessings fall
On woman; who to it must trust for all!
Man's vig'rous frame and energetic mind
For life's rough part by nature were design'd;
And through his strength quite self-relying grown.
Through life he often trusts to self alone:
But woman's weaker frame and calmer heart
Were fitly form'd to take life's smoother part;

And when assail'd by sickness or by grief
Than stronger man she sooner seeks relief
From her Creator. While to Him she kneels
And all the depth of all her weakness feels,
Oh! how completely must her soul rely
Upon assistance from the pow'r on high!
How fondly and implicitly she must
To that great power to relieve her trust!
Then the three graces, evenly combined,
Hold welcome, sweet dominion o'er her mind;
Prompt ev'ry thought, and breathe through ev'ry pray'r;
Religion's absent when they are not there!

15

While on the deck the maiden knelt,

The strength of faith she slowly felt;

When first her lips to breathe the pray'r

Mechanically moved apart

The words of supplication were

Almost unheeded by her heart;

But 'twas a pray'r that, morn and night,

She'd offer'd up to Heaven's throne

Since first her infant lips aright

Could speak the simple words alone;

Through all the years since pass'd away

That pray'r had been, in joy and sorrow,

Her soul's thanksgiving for today,

And supplication for tomorrow;

And ever in the hour of grief

That pray'r had given her relief: Nor did it long withhold it's pow'r

Nor aid it long withhold it s pow

E'en in that tribulative hour;

As each familiar word was form'd

Her heart towards her Father warm'd:

She murmur'd on, until at last

Rememb'ring all her blessings past,

She felt as she was wont to feel,

And could for aid with hope appeal:

For why should she of hope despair?-

She'd never kneel'd to God in vain!

He'd granted ev'ry former pray'r,

Then why not grant her prayers again?

Though great her danger and distress,

Was His relieving pow'r the less?

Though dark the present—future dim-

To her,—were they not clear to Him?

Thus with true faith she soothed her mind, And to God's will herself resign'd.

16

She rose, exceedingly relieved,

More freely wept, more calmly grieved,

Till, gazing sadly through the port

Upon the fast receding shore,

She shudder'd at the fearful thought

That she might never see it more!

Her kind old sire and loving mother—

Oh! how would they the tidings bear?

Thus wrested from them by another,

To be convey'd—she knew not where!

And he—her brave and noble lover—

Oh! was he then alive or dead?-

Did she behold his life-blood shed?

Thus thoughts distracting throng'd above her,

And fill'd her with the greatest dread.

Her tearful eyes on high she raised,-

The moon's bright beams were o'er her thrown,

Her tears like sparkling diamonds shone,

And while above she dimly gazed

She felt that there, and there alone,

Can peace and rest be truly known.

At last, o'ercome by painful thought,

Exhausted nature claim'd repose,

And in the arms of sleep she sought

A respite brief from present woes:

Amidst alternate hopes and fears

(The first of God, the last of man,)

While yet with welcome, soothing tears

Her cheeks were wet, and eyes o'erran,

The hand of needful slumber, ever blest,

Stole o'er her frame and lull'd her mind to rest.

# THE PRIVATEER:

## A METRICAL ROMANCE.

## CANTO THE FOURTH.

1

When Ellen awoke, the sun was high,
And scarcely a cloud could be seen in the sky;
Wafted along by the favouring breeze,
Gaily the vessel skimm'd over the seas;
Far out on each side, and high up overhead,
Before the fair wind the white sails were all spread;
Miniature billows rose countless around,
Each with a glittering diadem crown'd;
Curling astern they seem'd eager to break
The long line of eddying foam in her wake;
Sporting about in the morning sun,
Happy and playful seem'd every one.

Oh! but it was a most beautiful sight!

All was so joyous, so peaceful, and bright;

The ocean around her, the firmament o'er her,

The land far astern and the wide world before her,

Smoothly the swift ship sail'd over the seas,

Breasting the billows and braving the breeze.

2

Such was the morn; but not to Ellen's heart

Could the fair scene its buoyancy impart;

Nor her sad thoughts one single moment steal

From woes, se great, she scarce could deem them real;

Far, far astern her ling'ring looks were cast,—

Too well the vessel had obey'd the blast,

No more in sight her native cliffs uprear'd,

But far behind the waves had disappear'd.

Around her room she slowly turn'd her eyes,

And her sad countenance express'd surprise;—

It bore an air of homeliness and ease

That well might any stranger's fancy please;

And, close but not too crowded, all things there

Gave ample signs of taste and proof of care.

While thus she view'd with melancholy gaze
The maiden's eyes accorded silent praise
To her whose hand contributed such grace
(By wise arrangement) to that little place.
Yes! her:—by trifles here and there display'd
Were woman's hand and woman's mind betray'd;
And Ellen felt her recent presence there
By that fine instinct women only share.

3

Hush! some one knock'd: with apprehensive fear.

The maiden dreaded 'twas the privateer.

What should she do?—alas! no choice remain'd;

Refuse admittance?—soon 'twould be obtain'd!

She ask'd, "Who knocks?" and felt her heart rejoice,

For 'twas not Bertrand's, but a woman's voice

That to her question quietly replied,

And half her fears were thrown at once aside:

The door was open'd, and before her stood

A lady, laden with some needful food;

Without a glance she enter'd in with haste,

And the full tray upon the table placed;

Look'd up; and Ellen saw her cheeks were wet,—
That sorrow's seal was on her features set;
What more was needed?—mutual feelings moved,
And impulse prompted what their hearts approved,
With one short glance their kindred thoughts they
traced,—

Advanced, with arms extended, and embraced.

4

Sweet Sympathy! how soothing is thy pow'r
In sapping Sorrow's tribulative hour!
Divine reliever of the human breast!
For ever welcome, and for ever blest!
When Consolation cannot cheer the heart,
And Pity shuns assistance to impart,
With timid steps and hesitating mien
Advancing slowly Sympathy is seen;
With tearful eyes she sees another's care,
But—ere she strives to soften, seeks to share!—
Shows Sorrow's self she similarly feels,
And gains admission by her mute appeals;—
By gentle means gives delicate relief,
And draws the keenest sting from bitterest grief.

5

Awhile they stood embracing, sadly blest, In all the charms of feeling unrepress'd; The outburst over, Ellen's friend essay'd To calm the besom of the sorrowing maid: With tender care she led her to a seat, And placed herself in silence at her feet; Then to her face her swimming eyes she raised, And on its beauties sorrowfully gazed: Alas for her! for, judging by her own, She much required the sympathy she'd shown; And yet such deep and lengthen'd grief was there As even sympathy could scarcely share. This Ellen saw; and 'midst her own distress, Blush'd deeply for her recent thoughtlessness;— That grief and cause instinctively divined, As Harold's tale rose up before her mind ;— The raven hair and dark complexion'd face Might, of themselves, have given her a trace; And while her pitying tears fell fast and warm, She felt she gazed upon Azela's form.

6

"Thy name, sweet lady?"

"Ellen: thine I know,-

It is Azela:"

"Ah! who told thee so?"—
She started up;—did Kllen know the shame
That now belong'd to her dishonour'd name?—
"One who, alas! I fear is now no more,
One who well knew thee on thy native shore,
One who was murder'd in unequal strife,—
Of whom I fondly hoped to be the wife;
He told me all thy melancholy tale,
And thy sad fate would bitterly bewail;
His name was Harold:"

"He! I knew him well!

He could, indeed, my youthful story tell;

But oh! not all! for I have fully felt

The blow's effects,—he only saw it dealt!

The secret sorrows of my later years—

But no!—I will not rob thee of thy tears;

Thy virgin grief precedes my lengthen'd woe,—

The pain seem's worst when first we feel the blow.

I can at least some needless pangs destroy, And with thy tears of grief mix tears of joy;— Thou said'st with Harold thou did'st hope to wed, For Harold then thy tears are mostly shed, But check or change them—for he is not dead! I heard thy lover dared them to the fight,— That he was wounded, but the wound was slight; From his men's rage thy lover's life to save, 'Twas Bertrand's self that blow disabling gave; He spared him not from pity, but from hate, That he might live to mourn thy future fate. I tell thee this to mitigate thy woe, But let not Bertrand of our friendship know; Alone—we'll cheer each other all we can, When not alone—we must reverse the plan, And though my words may give thee some relief. When he is near feign unabated grief: His deeds are dark! but, lady, fear him not! For while thou mournest o'er thy present lot He will not harm thee; satisfied to see Thy outward mien speak inward misery:

But now, sweet Ellen; I must haste away,
Or he will wonder at my lenthen'd stay;
Eat! Ellen; eat! if but to break thy fast;
Hope for the future, though thou mourn'st the past,
For Harold lives, and aid may come at last:
In gratitude to him I'll use my pow'r
To soothe the sorrows of the present hour;
And I alone will on thy wants attend,
And be alike thine handmaid and thy friend."

7

She'd gone: and Ellen was alone once more;
Alone, but not so lonely as before;
Within her mind all was not pure despair,
For living Harold had reenter'd there!
With lighten'd heart some tears of joy she shed,
And hail'd the living as she'd mourn'd the dead;
Deep, deep within returning hope arose,
And cheer'd the aspect of surrounding woes;
Till all the future felt its bright controul,
And half the weight was lifted from her soul.

CANTO IV.

R

Meanwhile, her cousin paced the deck above,
And thought of hatred as she thought of love:
Within his mind he felt with cunning pride
The savage joy of vengeance gratified;
But here, kind reader; let us pause: and scan
The form and character of this strange man.

q

There's many men, who, in the spring of life,
Check not their passions when they mix in strife,
But let the vices with the virtues strive
Till Evil's partizans alone survive,
And swiftly slay all rising thoughts that tend
To further any but an evil end.
And such was Bertrand! from his boyhood's dawn,
Good from his mind had gradually gone;
With evil thoughts he never tried to cope,
But always gave them free, unbounded scope;
And so became, in very little time,
An ardent trav'ler on the road of crime.
He never wish'd his footsteps to retrace,
But kept advancing at a rapid pace,

And on his way in swift succession tried
All the temptations that the road supplied.
The journey o'er, he found the field was wide,
And from a traveller became a guide;
With cunning skill he used his utmost force
To make men join him on his evil course;
In lawless deeds he felt a fierce delight,
And nothing good found favour in his sight;
In all his plans to others pitiless,
He shrank from nought to forward their success;
And the remorseless, harden'd demon, Sin,
Reign'd, unopposed, his growing mind within.

10

Pure love of crime is only felt by few,

And few, from choice, its dang'rous paths pursue;

How comes it then, in ev'ry age and clime

So many men are votaries of crime?——

Through causes powerful, though few in name,

In ev'ry age and ev'ry clime the same;

And the same paths lead Man to ruin still

Which always have done, do, and always will.

From crime's dark form instinctively we start, While we possess an uncorrupted heart, But, once corrupted, other feelings rise, And we regard it with unshrinking eyes; Till, made by time familiar to the sight, The demon seems no longer dark, but bright; And lures us on to break all human laws, The first act done, and one of these the cause:-Love, labouring long in vain for those so dear, With wistful glance finds easy riches near, And tempted—falls! while virtue drops a tear:— Deep Hatred sees some mode of vengeance nigh, Or Envy views it with malignant eye; — Ambition-Power-the slaves of worldly dreams-Seek ways to forward aggrandizing schemes;-Insatiate Lust with self-consuming fire Goads on to guilt to gratify desire ;-Example leads; or glitt'ring gain allures; Want sees relief for all that it endures ;-Here is starvation, there is meat and wine :-On, on he hastes where tempting offers shine;

Against his fellows wages constant strife,

Nor feels for those who cared not for his life;—
'Tis in these forms temptation fills the breast,

Prompts the first step—how easy are the rest!

When tempted thus, let this be unforgot—

Advance is easy, but retreat is not!

### 11

From honour's paths by strong temptation won,
Thus by most men is crime's career begun;
But Bertrand rank'd among the rarer few
Who, for itself, a life of crime pursue:
From birth of wealthy competence possess'd,
And each wish sated of his childish breast,
He only learnt in Affluence's school
The art of ruling by despotic rule;
And grew apace, with passions uncontroll'd,
Cunning, self-will'd, and prematurely bold.
As youth advanced his grosser parts appear'd,
And far around men hated him and fear'd;
He soon exhausted Pleasure's lawful store,
And then with restless eyes look'd round for more;

He scorn'd the usual paths of early sin,
And rush'd where others shudder'd to begin;
Excitement, inward schemes, and outward strife,
To him seem'd needful stimulants of life;
Possess'd of them, his restless mind was freed,
And, passion urged, did many a lawless deed;
For which the law from punishment refrain'd
By timely bribes to needful silence gain'd.
Screen'd by his wealth, he thus his course pursued,
And fed his mind on appetizing food,
Until at last his acts so gross appear'd
That outraged justice boldly interfered;
And while its arm hung threat'ning o'er his head,
Abroad for safety and new scenes he fled.

#### 12

The ripening influence of a sultry clime,

That fires the blood and seems to foster crime,

Was more congenial to Bertrand's mind

Than the harsh climate he had left behind:

By war's red hand he found the kingdom riven,

And great facility to orime was given;

For laws were lax; and from their terrors freed,
Ruffians abounded fit for ev'ry deed.
By instinct drawn, around him flock'd a band,—
The scourings and the refuse of the land;
They own'd the presence of superior skill,
Hail'd him their chieftain, and obey'd his will.
Proud of his post,—the dreaded name he bore,
Against mankind he waged a general war;
In Crime's dark ranks was always in the van,
The causeless foe of Heaven and of Man.

#### 13

'Tis said that Man is never wholly bad,
That round the soul, in Virtue's vestures clad,
Some pensive spirit of the world that's been
Still hovers near to humanize the scene:
It may be so! for it is hard to scan
The secret workings of the mind of man;
But certain 'tis, that Bertrand ne'er display'd
One single thought in virtue's garb array'd;
And those fair feelings which redeem in part,
If felt by him, were hid within his heart.

#### 14

Thus for awhile he ranged the country o'er,
And then, returning to his native shore,
To Ellen's sire his broad possessions sold,
And in the cause of crime outlay'd the gold:—
He built a ship; assumed the chief command,—
Sail'd her in triumph from his native land,
And roam'd the seas, from all subjection clear,
A secret Pirate,—open Privateer.

#### 15

Of stalwart build, his form was well design'd

To be companion to his reckless mind;

His practised arm possess'd such strength and skill

As ne'er had fail'd to execute his will;

As for the rest, pass we in silence by

All, save the tell-tale of the mind—the eye!

For that alone his character display'd,

And all that might have been conceal'd, betray'd:

His other features, form'd by nature fair,

Mask'd all within, and hid the foulness there;

The eye alone defied the mind's controul,—

Turn'd traitor to—and mirror'd forth—the soul.

Ye who have studied well your fellow-man,
And who, from long experience, can trace
Entirely from the features of the face
The mind's true nature; tell me, if you can,
Does not the eye alone, with naught combined,
Form the best index to the human mind?
Oh! when Imagination's pow'r hath lit
Thought in its depths, expression in its roll,
Who can gaze on it and deny that it

Is mankind's visible, material soul?

16

Such was the man in whose despotic pow'r

Had Ellen fallen in Misfortune's hour;

From whom she'd naught to hope, and all to fear;—

But let us leave her with the Privateer;

And, like her thoughts, towards her native shore—

Her lover and her home—return once more.

17

While hapless Harold bound and bleeding lay, And Bertrand bore his promised bride away;— While Ellen's prison scatter'd wide the foam, Her parents were awaiting them at home. No fears had they; for 'twas with their consent
That the fair maid to meet her lover went;
No fears had they; for they had long begun
To love their daughter's lover as a son;
And while they waited for the wand'ring pair,
Suited so well the self-same home to share,
They thought with pleasure of their Ellen's choice,
And future prospects made them both rejoice;
Till from their lips their thoughts began to flow,
Unapprehensive of approaching woe;
And while they chatted o'er the pleasant theme,
Recall'd their own brightshare in "Love's young dream."

#### 18

While thus they joy'd through former scenes to roam,
The passing time brought not the lovers home;
At first they wonder'd at their lengthen'd stay,
Then grew uneasy at their long delay,
And sent a servant on their well-known track,
To bring the thoughtless, rambling truants back.
He soon return'd:—all joy their hearts forsook,
And apprehension kindled, at his look;

For in his glances terror's glare was seen,

And horror's aspect mark'd his shrinking mien.

The trembling parents, fill'd with sudden fear,

Desired the man their anxious minds to clear,

Who in few words related how he'd found

Young Harold wounded and securely bound:

Then Harold's tale he gradually told,

And all their woes proceeded to unfold;—

By slow degrees the fearful tidings broke,

Yet stunn'd the parents with the sudden stroke;

So great the grief convey'd in ev'ry word,

They scarce could credit what they plainly heard;—

Belief rebell'd 'gainst such stupendous woe

As would for ever all their hopes o'erthrow.

19

The stricken mother, fill'd with mute distress,
Soon lost all sorrow in unconsciousness;
But rising fury swell'd the father's breast,
And call'd for vengeance on his trait'rous guest:
The wondering servants gather'd at his call,
And soon on missions he dispatch'd them all,—

To those in pow'r some hurried off with speed, For law's assistance to revenge the deed; While others hasten'd swiftly to the beach, And one—the fleetest—sought the nearest leech; The sire himself, retaining needful aid, With thick'ning fears his rapid progress made To where, half fainting, wounded Harold lay, And bore him slowly, tenderly away. Arrived at home, his wound was quickly drest, And the physician recommended rest; Pronounced the wound itself was only slight, But quite forbade all questioning that night:-Through loss of blood he then was faint and weak, And of the late occurrences to speak Might cause a fever ;—if it should commence He would not answer for the consequence; Tomorrow—p'rhaps; not then,—he needed rest; And all excitement must be quite repress'd. Such were his words; and he had seldom err'd; A sleeping draught he then administer'd;

Desired his orders should be well obey'd, And took to other homes his welcome aid.

20

The various messengers return'd anon

From the vain missions they were sent upon,

Those from the beach had search'd the moonlit seas,—

Alas! too fair and brisk had blown the breeze;

Those who had gone to seek official aid

By the authorities were long delay'd,

And from the magnates brought the father word

To higher pow'rs the case should be referr'd;—

They would with them at once communicate,

And full details of the abduction state:

With this assurance he must rest content—

To bring the Privateer to punishment,

And to her home the missing maid restore,—

They'd do their best;—they could not promise more.

21

Pass we in silence o'er that dreadful night,

Nor strive to drag the parents' grief to light;—

The sun that witness'd Ellen's tears at sea

Shone o'er the land on equal misery.

As its first rays were on the mansion shed,
The restless father went to Harold's bed;
In slumber's arms unconsciously he lay,
Remembrance banish'd of the last night's fray;
In deep forgetfulness his thoughts were laid,
And his calm face no horrid dreams betray'd;
The father sigh'd, with pitying sorrow rife,—
He woke to anguish when he woke to life!

22

As morn advanced oblivious slumber fled,
And pain, returning, press'd his aching head;
Yet 'midst his grief all hope was not suppress'd,
For a faint glimmer linger'd in his breast:—
Restored once more to former strength and health,
Much might be done by energy and wealth;
With loving woe, and Rage's rising fire,
He told his mournful story to the sire;
Then, ere the scheme was scarcely form'd, began
To enter on a retributive plan;
Which with small hope the troubled father heard,
But on its wisdom for awhile conferr'd.

The leech arrived;—his patient's plan approved,
And its sole obstacle at once removed;—
A month would see his health and strength restored,
And he might safely go at once abroad.

23

Without delay, to bring the scheme about, Towards the capital the sire set out; Arriving there, the proper pow'rs he sought, And the whole case before their notice brought,— Before their eyes the daring crime display'd In all its native villany array'd. By Harold's statement Bertrand's guilt was shown, But not to them was Bertrand's name unknown,— Rich freighted vessels from the British shore Had reach'd the tropics and were seen no more; Mysteriously they'd disappear'd;—'twas plain Some daring Pirate roved upon the main; And, though no proofs against him could appear, Suspicion pointed to the Privateer; For, by comparison, 'twas always found The ships had vanish'd near his cruising ground;

And this one act so clear against him proved, All doubts of probability removed. No more was needed; to revenge the deed A ship of war should be dispatch'd with speed. Th' expected answer by the father heard— Harold's petition he at once preferr'd, This his request,—permission to command The vessel sent 'gainst Bertrand and his band: For service done, the echoes of his name Were yet vibrating from the trump of Fame; He sought this favour as his sole reward,— He'd captured many a daring Pirate's horde; And if his hands they placed their purpose in— As he had won, so he would strive to win. The magnates listen'd to the sire's address,— Oft Harold's ship had met with great success,— His skill and courage had been amply tried,— To fill the post he seem'd well qualified; Thus no objection to his wish remain'd, And the command was readily obtain'd,

#### 24

While Harold's former health return'd apace,
A ship was chosen fit to flee or chase;
For fleetness famed, her equal was unknown,
For that one quality she stood alone.
When all equipp'd, the seamen's skill was tried,
And Harold view'd them with a glow of pride;
His naval fire reviving at the sight,
With tingling blood he panted for the fight;
And, hope elated, in his fancy bore
The maid already back to Britain's shore.

#### 25

While thus with hope he felt his bosom swell,
To those he left he bade a brief farewell;—
Spread all his canvas to the favouring wind,
And quickly left his native shore behind;
Direct to climates equinoxial bound,
To cruise for Bertrand on his cruising ground.
For his success, upon the summer air
The parents wafted many a fervent pray'r;
But now to Bertrand we'll return again,
And leave his foe to follow o'er the main.

# THE PRIVATEER:

## A METRICAL ROMANCE.

## CANTO THE FIFTH.

1

The wind blows fair and strong; each rounded sail
Propells the Privateer before the gale;
For swiftness built, she speeds upon her way
As if impatient of the least delay;
With graceful strength opposing seas divides,
And hurls the hissing foam-flakes from her sides:
Her actions free, save by the helm confined,
She leaves a frothy, eddying wake behind;
Proud as a war-horse bounding o'er the turf,
Her way she forces through the boiling surf;
And swiftly speeding on her trackless course,
Appears to spurn the waves, and scorn their force.

 $\mathbf{2}$ 

Thus with fair winds the vessel made her way
Past Ushant's Isle and Biscay's dreaded Bay;
Then steering south, they entered Cancer's sign,
And swiftly near'd the equinoxial line,
Till from it northward twelve degrees or more,
Then to the westward gradually bore:
From east north-east the steady trade-wind blew,
And gave small trouble to the loitering crew;
White, fleecy clouds were round th' horizon spread,
But the blue sky was cloudless overhead;
The glaring sun, in noon's oppressive hour,
Attain'd the acme of its greatest pow'r;
And from the zenith vertically shone
In all the glory of its native zone.

3

Six weeks had passed: they seem'd a year To Ellen, 'midst her grief and fear;—
Grief for her past and present woe,
And fear of what she yet might know:
Alas for her! those weeks had wrought
By constant, agonizing thought,

A woeful change in form and face;
The sprightliness of former days—
Her fairy step—her laughing gaze—
Her merry mien—her girlish grace,
And all her happy, winning ways,
Had vanish'd: leaving scarce a trace
Of where was once their dwelling place.
Yes! maidenhood's sweet charms had fled
Affrighted thence; and in their stead,
Her sunken cheek—her measured tread—
Averted face—dejected head,
Sufficed—alas! too well!—to show
Long, deep intensity of woe;
But, join'd to her despairing eye,
Betray'd the soul's great agony.

4

Morn after morn she rose from sleep To pray, hope, meditate, and weep;— To pray to Heaven for relief,

To hope that aid would come at last, To meditate upon her grief,

And weep in sorrow o'er the past:

Day after day, upon the deck,

With quick'ning pulse and straining eyes
She gazed on ev'ry distant speck

That might above th' horizon rise;
And hoped they were pursued,—in vain!
Each sail soon disappear'd again;
For Bertrand fled from ev'ry one,—
He seem'd a closer view to shun:
And when the weary day was o'er

Eve after eve, with deepen'd woe,
She sought her cabin's friendly door,
To pray, reflect, and weep once more,
Uncheer'd by hope's remotest glow;

Until at last her strength completely gone,
And by afflicting feelings overborne,
Amid the silence of her anguish deep
Her languid frame was visited by sleep.

5

But not that gentle, undisturb'd repose,
Which round the soul a happy halo throws;—
Nerves mind and body for the coming day,
And takes from both all weariness away;

Drowns in its depths life's pleasure or distress, And wraps us in complete unconsciousness; Save when vague visions, floating round the mind, Strange, unconnected, dim, and undefined, In long procession pass before our eyes, Exciting pleasure mingled with surprise; But whose sweet scenes, in Slumber's realm so rife, Abruptly vanish as we wake to life; Or, lingering, leave upon the baffled brain Some faint remembrance of a shadowy train, Which we endeavour to recall—in vain! For while we seem to recollect aright Fantastic fancies pass before the sight: Strange forms and scenes before the mem'ry glide, Till, quite confused, we cast them all aside; And fain confess 'tis past our puny pow'r To solve vague visions of the midnight hour.

6

Such sleep and dreams to Ellen were denied,—
Her thoughts by day her slumber's scenes supplied;
Her broken rest—unworthy of the name—
Scarce gave refreshment to her weaken'd frame;

And when she dream'd, there gradually grew
Distinctly plain and palpable to view
Some fearful vision; such as only finds
An entrance into troubled, feverish minds:—
When slumber's thus with horrid dreams opprest,
Sleep is no more synonymous with rest.

Thus Ellen lived: each day of sorrow Was but the image of the morrow.

7

Six weeks had past; and day by day
Azela saw with inward grief,
The maiden mourn her health away,—
Her efforts vain to give relief:
When first, with friendly feeling warm,
She gazed on Ellen's lovely form,
And, pitying the captive state
Of one so young—unfortunate,
She bade her check or change her tears,
For he for whom those tears were shed,
Was then unnumber'd with the dead,—
She gave her hope and calm'd her fears:

But, as the moon's thrice welcome form Just glancing through the midnight storm Discovers to the seaman's sight The straining spars,—the billows' height,— The vessel drifting on the shore,-Shows danger scarcely seen before, Then, by the demons of the night Is banish'd, to return no more:— So, by Hope's transitory gleam,

Did Ellen's future darker seem; Within itself so bright and fair,

It only shone around her mind To make her sorrows more defined: Then by the spreading tempest of despair

Its light was hid, and all was darkness there. Azela's warning !--oh! how vain

> That kindly given warning proved !-The maid had little need to feign.

Grief, that had scarcely been removed

Before it all return'd again :---

Forgetful of her own distress, With mingled joy and thankfulness She'd heard that Harold was unslain:

But when, in Meditation's hour, She thought upon her future fate,-Completely placed in Bertrand's pow'r,— Doom'd, apprehensive, to await The promptings of his love or hate,— Her heart once more began to cow'r. His love !-- she shudder'd at the thought! His hatred !—to her mem'ry brought The very words her lover said; And if a man had cause to dread The promptings of his enmity, Oh! how much greater cause had she! Her lover lived: might follow o'er the wave, In hopes the life of her he loved to save, But where on ocean would be find a trace To lead his vessel to her dwelling place? O'er the wide world he might for ever roam, Yet ne'er be guided to her captive home; Though sweet; alas! the dying hope was vain,— On earth they'd never, never meet again!

Then on through time, by Apprehension borne, Impending evils she'd proceed to mourn;—

Foil'd all his hopes and efforts to restore Their daughter to her parents' arms once more, His home return, confirming all their fears, Would fill with sorrow their declining years: Deprived for ever of their only joy, Borne down by grief she only could destroy, Oh! would they long survive the cruel blow, Surrounded by an atmosphere of woe? With lips compress'd she mutely gazed on high, And felt no hope was left them—but to die. And Harold's self, 'mongst strangers doom'd to roam, Or cheerless dwell within his lonely home, How would his restless, yearning spirit bear Years, which with her he was not doom'd to share? Perchance, returning to his former life, He'd vainly seek forgetfulness in strife; Till, in the van impetuously brave, He'd meet a seaman's death and seaman's grave.

In all these thoughts her trusting love was shown,— She judged her lover's feelings by her own. 8

Six weeks had past; and Bertrand's band From bow to bow the ocean scan'd—

Their Island home was nigh!

Ere night was o'er they'd safely stand

Once more upon that welcome strand,

And all pursuit defy:

They gazed not long; discover'd by

A mariner's experienced eye,

Soon loudly rose the joyful cry,

"Land ho! Land ho!—the land!—the land!"

And ev'ry heart beat high.

Broad on the brow the Isle appear'd,

Distinctly rising to the view,-

The sails were quickly trimm'd anew,

The course was chang'd, and on they steer'd

Direct towards that distant shore;—

Would Ellen ever leave it more?

On! on! before the freshen'd breeze.

Assisted by the favouring seas,

On! on! the Island right shead,

The noble vessel swiftly sped,

And as the land arose,

She seem'd the seamen's joy to share,—

She seem'd to know her home was there!

And hasten'd o'er the foamy main,

As if impatient to obtain

From lengthen'd toil her due repose:
And when beneath the glowing west
The sun was sinking—not to rest,—
Before their eyes the Isle was drest

In all his setting glows;

And glitter'd like a lovely gem upon the ocean's breast.

q

The twilight of the torrid zone

Once o'er the dark'ning prospect thrown

Soon deepen'd into night;

But not a night of darkness drear,— Soon through the limpid atmosphere

There spread a milder light;

For scarcely had the king of day

Withdrawn his dazzling pow'r away,

Than night's fair queen shone cloudless from the east, And as his faded, so her pow'r increased. 10

Oh! 'tis a fair and pleasing sight To view upon a moon-lit night Light and water, far and wide, Gaily sporting side by side; Each billow, in as many ways, Reflects a thousand sparkling rays: Rising, falling, on they go, And seem to mingle as they flow: Ev'ry overtopping crest, As it rises o'er the rest, Shines a bright and lovely gem In old Ocean's diadem! Ev'ry drop and ev'ry ray Joyfully appear to play;— Thus they'll pass the time away Till they 're parted by the day.

When, 'midst the silence of a moon-lit night, Celestial objects crowd upon the sight, Who can look upwards with a thoughtless eye Upon the beauty of that starry sky? Or gaze, unawed, upon that grand array
Of countless systems countless miles away?
Who can the wonders of Creation scan,
And not become a nobler, wiser man?
When all we view, sea, sky, stars, moon, combine
To show the ruling hand of Power Divine.

11

The night was fair; but ere the sun O'er his diurnal course had run, Boom'd from the ship a signal gun,

With deaf'ning roar;

The vessel shook, the wind around

Seem'd silenced by the sudden sound,

But in a moment more

It scatter'd wide the rising smoke,

And bore the sound until it broke

Upon the shore:

And while reverberating there,

Up to the vessel's peak arose

A flag that flutter'd to declare

All nations were its foes:

They listen'd; and across the main
The signal was return'd again;
While, from a lofty hill uprear'd,
Another pirate flag appear'd,
And to their own replied:
While daylight lived it waved on high,
A plague spot in the western sky;
And in the moonlight, from the hill
That lawless flag was streaming still,—

An answer and a guide.

12

The north-west point was left astern at last,
And sail was shorten'd as the point was past,
For off the cliffs came many a sudden blast
That strain'd too much each lighter sail and mast:
Now swift, now slow, the vessel made her way
To where the land, receding, form'd a bay;
Borne by the breeze, they heard the breakers' roar,
And hurrying forms were seen along the shore:
With anchors ready, and with cables clear'd,
Towards the centre of the bay they steer'd;

Until their destined anchorage was won. And all rejoiced to think the cruise was done. The order given—with a welcome sound The heavy anchor dropp'd upon the ground; While off the deck the tighten'd cable flew, And almost spared the labour of the crew: Meantime, by clewlines, buntlines, downhauls, brails, They check'd the movements of the flutt'ring sails;— The life-lines stretch'd, 'gainst accidents to guard, And by the lifts and braces squared each yard: Then, while the canvas in confinement hung, To furl it all aloft the seamen sprung;— Round yards and sails the gaskets tightly pass'd, Nor left an inch to flutter in the blast; Then down the rigging they return'd once more, In haste to leave the vessel for the shore.

18

The boats put over, they were promptly manned,
And of the fleetest Bertrand took command,
While Ellen watch'd it leave the vessel's side,
And o'er the scarcely ruffled waters glide:

As the dipt oars the ocean's surface broke

Phosphoric radiance mark'd each measured stroke,

And shone around so beautifully bright,

The boat seem'd centred in a sea of light.

Thus row'd they onward till the strand was reach'd,

When all were landed and the boat was beach'd.

Meanwhile their comrades, following in their track,

By those on shore were loudly welcomed back;

Thus all departed of the Pirate's horde,

But left Azela and the maid on board.

Upon the deck, amidst a half embrace,

They watch'd the seamen to the landing place;

Till the last boat its living burden bore

To join the noisy bustle on the shore.

#### 14

Twas a strange scene for any one to view,

To whom such climates and such scenes were new;

East—right ahead—the moon-lit Island lay,

All else was ocean, stretching miles away.

As Ellen gazed, she felt within her breast

A rising feeling of approaching rest;

The Island seem'd so peaceful and so still,— The Pirate's flag had vanish'd from the hill, While the ship's boats beyond the breakers seen Recall'd a distant, well-remember'd scene, Where oft, when rambling by her lover's side, She'd found the boats drawn up beyond the tide: Though out to sea, unshelter'd by the land, The whiten'd waves obey'd the wind's command, And as they roll'd on their eternal course Bore noisy witness to their ruler's force,— Within the bay, by land to windward bound, The little wavelets scarcely made a sound: Six weeks of Bertrand's painful presence past, He'd left his captive unrestrain'd at last; And from his gaze to gain a short release Was of itself, comparatively, peace.

#### 15 .

While, musing thus, the maid for freedom yearn'd,
Back from the shore a messenger return'd;
Arrived on board—from him Azela found
At break of day the anchor left the ground:

For of provisions they'd a scanty store,
And the good ship must cruise at once for more;
But when they sail'd, the needful stores te find,
They'd leave Azela and the maid behind.
The welcome tidings pleased the willing pair,
Their kindred sorrows thus compell'd to share;
And to their cabins they at once retired,
To seek the rest their wearied forms required.

#### 16

Next morn, while yet the maiden slumber'd deep,
A noise on deck awoke her from her sleep;
She rose, and found the Chieftain and the crew
On board, and all the canvas spread to view;
To go on shore she must at once prepare,—
A boat was waiting to convey her there.
No second bidding did the maiden need,—
Too glad to be from Bertrand's presence freed,
But waited ready till Azela came
To guard her hence,—her jailor but in name.
Safe in the boat—they left the vessel's side,—
Towards the beach skimm'd lightly o'er the tide,

And disembarking on the golden strand, Paused there to see the vessel leave the land. The anchor lifted—head from wind she fell, The white sails trembled and began to swell, Some moments more she loiter'd on the seas, Then slowly moved in answer to the breeze: First gentle ripples floated past ber side, Then off her bows the spray was scatter'd wide, Back with great force resisting waves were thrown, And all around the flaky fragments shone: On, on she sped; her destined course to run, Her shining metal glancing in the sun; Her well stretch'd canvas delicately white,-A stirring object in the morning light. The south-west point she gradually clear'd, And from their sight abruptly disappear'd.

17

Then Ellen turn'd, and looking round perplex'd,
She mutely wonder'd where they'd wander next;
For on the beach were men and women too,
But not one dwelling met her searching view:

The silent thought upon her face express'd Azela saw, and led her from the rest, Who scann'd the maid with scrutinizing eyes, In which were blent scorn, pity, and surprise. They left the beach, and with a hasty tread The maiden follow'd where Azela led; They walk'd apace, and very quickly stood Before a thick, impenetrable wood; So Ellen deem'd it, but Azela found A hidden path, by trees entwining crown'd; Its entrance, only known to Bertrand's crew, Some clust'ring branches quite conceal'd from view; These gently parted, just admitted one To that wild path impervious to the sun. They enter'd in, and soon above them heard The welcome notes of many a hidden bird; But reptiles voices also sounded near, And fill'd the maid with pardonable fear: They hurried onwards quicker than before, Till crossing boughs obstructed them once more,

These gently lifting, they emerged to light,

And the clear sun burst, dazzling, on their sight.

18

When from their eyes the blinding rays were clear'd Beneath their feet a little vale appear'd; To the thick wood the valley form'd a base, And rude built dwellings fill'd the shelter'd place: To one—the largest—standing most alone— Azela pointed calmly,—'twas her own; Its roof the maiden would in future share,— Bertrand had placed her in Azela's care; And she, as both descended to the glade, With curious eyes her future home survey'd. Ere long they enter'd at the open door,— The whole interior slowly traversed o'er, And in the rooms, to Ellen's great surprise, Found all luxurious comfort could devise To suit the nature of the sultry clime,— Supply each want, and hide the passing time;— The mind and body's pleasure to increase, When both were free from pain, and fill'd with peace. 19

With mournful feelings Ellen's eyes were cast
Round her new dwelling—and perhaps her last!

If luxury could always joy confer
Few had less cause to sorrow then than her;
But Ellen felt 'twas far from being so,
For ev'ry object seem'd to mock her woe.

With rising tears her eyes began to fill,—
'Twas a rich prison, but a prison still;
And ev'ry room her swimming eyes survey'd
Seem'd with oppressive costliness array'd.
But not for long would she their shelter need,—
From all Life's ills her frame would soon be freed;
Borne down by grief to premature decay
To the cold grave 'twould soon be borne away,
And hid for ever from the light of day.

# THE PRIVATEER:

### A METRICAL ROMANCE.

## CANTO THE SIXTH.

1

THREE days elapsed; the ship was absent still,
And captive Ellen roam'd the Isle at will;
Within the vale she stroll'd without a guide,
But ne'er long wander'd from Azela's side:
Away from her, the women of the Isle
Would mock her sorrow and her name revile,
But in her presence ne'er by word or look
Insulting notice of the maiden took:
E'en as the men would Bertrand's rule obey—
So did the women own Azela's sway;
For though those reckless votaries of Sin
Scorn'd ev'ry law, they bow'd to discipline.

2

'Twas eve: to leeward of the signal hill

The sun shone bright, and ev'ry shrub was still;

Near to its summit, high above the glade,

Reclined Azela and the captive maid:

The dotted valley far beneath them lay,

From which the sun had ta'en his final ray;

The wood's wide shadow, far behind it thrown,

Made brighter still the parts where Phoebus shone;

On either side the Isle or ocean spread,

While the clear sun shone cloudless from ahead;

Tipt ev'ry tree and glanced along the bay,

And all was mellow'd by declining day.

3

Awhile in silence they the scene survey'd,
And then Azela thus address'd the maid;
"Dear Ellen, while with less'ning pow'r
The sun seems sinking in the sea,
To pass away the sunset hour
I'll tell a tale to thee:
I will not try to make thee smile,
For that would but a mockery seem,

But leave remembrance for awhile,

And listen to my theme:

It is to me a painful one,

'Twill cause, perchance, thy tears to flow,

For 'tis a tale of Woman's woe,-

A tale my mem'ry fain would shun;

Of which I'm ever doom'd to think-

•To which I fly-from which I shrink!

Oh! God! the agony of thought

With only sin and sorrow fraught!

Cold, cold will be this aching brow

Ere long.—Nay! I am calmer now:—

Thou knowest all my early woes,

And how my misery arose;

Then listen, Ellen; and I'll now relate The mournful story of my after fate.

4

"'Twas such another eve as this,
When all around and all above
Seem'd fraught with universal bliss,
And all creation breath'd of love;
O'ercome by deep and painful thought
I deem'd that he alone could share,

Our meeting place I early sought,

In haste to meet my lover there.

The evening zephyrs, gently strong,
Fair Flora's fragrance bore along;
Amidst the rustling leaves was heard
The vesper song of many a bird;
And—save my own excited breast—
All Nature seem'd supremely blest.
My father's words, some hours before,

Had stung my spirit into strife,
For then, with angry feelings rife,
He'd vow'd to curse me from his door
If I remain'd, when night was o'er,

Resolved to be my lover's wife.

The threat was fearful! but my heart

From its first choice refused to part;

And would a curse unjustly given

Rise and be recognised by Heaven?

Against the thought my soul replied,—

The possibility denied;

And if my mind my heart could trust,

I knew the curse would be unjust.

For wherefore should my sire decide Against my being Bertrand's bride? The calumnies against his name I deem'd should scarce reflection claim, But solely on the strength of them To judge my lover—and condemn!— I thought—their truth I little knew— Was folly and injustice too. Thus no just cause could I discover To make my father hate my lover. And felt indignant at the thought That he should be refused—for nought! But, though for Bertrand love and rage Both pleaded in my bosom strong,

Yet I tried vainly to assuage

A secret consciousness of wrong: For a strange restless voice within me Kept whispering warnings, but in vain: For from my love it sought to win me

To my kind parents' arms again: Vain were my mother's fond appealings.

My father's words I heard with scorn.—

It was not thus in other days,
And rising tears bedimm'd my gaze,
For where had all my former feelings—
My daughterly affection—gone?
Oh! was it thus that I requited

Their former love and former care?
Their former love!—with ire and pride
I dash'd the blinding tears aside,—
They bore no present love to me,—
Their care had changed to tyranny;
I loved them then, would love them still,
But that, to execute their will

They'd see my fondest wishes blighted,

And fill me with despair.

Thus misguided, Bertrand only

Reign'd the idol of my breast;

For my parents, grieved and lonely,

Love was banish'd or represt;

By Infatuation driven

Straight from Reason's path I swerved,—

Where rebellious pride was given

There alone was love deserved.

5

"The eve wore on; the hour was late, Another would decide my fate: Impatiently I paced the ground, But when I heard the slightest sound Abruptly paused, and turn'd my head, Expectant of my lover's tread: He came at last; and on his breast I look'd my love, and told the rest. With clouded brow and thoughtful eve He calmly heard, and in reply Implored me with him then to flee, And seek for safety o'er the sea; If I refused—that meeting o'er. He never thought to see me more :--He knew that I would love him still, And when my last resolve was known

To be against my father's will,

'Twas easy to foresee his own :--Once parted—and another day Would find me far upon my way Towards some distant nunnery, To live and die alone, unfree:

Then why not fly at once, nor wait
To be consign'd to such a fate?—
Upon that shore—or o'er the main,
I'd all to lose—or all to gain;
In him of all I loved possess'd—
With mutual affection bless'd,
No sorrow could assail my breast;
Relieved from ev'ry present fear,
No rising thought should cause a tear,
For—if it was bestow'd at all—
My father's curse must harmless fall.

հ

"Such were the arguments he used

To lure me from my parents' home;

And, by my blinding love deceived,

I fondly heard them—and believed;

But—half consenting—yet refused With him to roam.

For though from my too trusting heart

His ev'ry word was echoed back,

An ominous, defineless fear

Of some impending danger near,

Refusing from my mind to part, Still kept it on the rack. As if my very thoughts he guess'd, He drew me gently to his breast; With loving looks my lips he press'd-With tenderness my form caress'd, And whisper'd softly in my ear Those words to woman's heart so dear ;-His vows of changeless love repeated, And all my doubts and fears defeated. Oh! how could I the pray'r refuse him Who felt it would be death to lose him?— Aside all other thoughts were thrown, I thought of him, and him alone; Until, by passion overwrought, To yield to his my mind was brought; O'ercome by love, relieved from dread, The fatal word of fate was said, And, favour'd by the night, we fled.

7

"Alas! that ere in Passion's hour
I placed myself in Bertrand's pow'r;
And, by false promises betray'd,
Believed them; and from virtue stray'd.

I fell!—ere many days were gone,
My lover's love had turn'd to scorn.
His love!—alas! that ere I deem'd
His feelings such when such they seem'd;
He only feign'd its noble fires
To gratify his base desires;
But, those base wishes gratified,
Cast all hypocrisy aside:
And, from affected feelings freed,
Appear'd to revel o'er the deed.

8

"At first, half senseless by the blow,
I scarce could realize my woe;
My heart, unable to believe
That he had lured it to deceive,
Refused so suddenly to sever
From all its fondest hopes for ever.
But when the maddening truth appear'd
From all its first false colours clear'd,—
When, throwing off before my eyes
His hypocritical disguise,
His shameless purpose was display'd
In all its heartlessness array'd,—

When, ev'ry hope for ever blighted,
I found my feelings unrequited,
And my fond love not only slighted,
But spurn'd by him with whom to roam
I'd left my parents and my home,—
The agony within my breast
Can never be by words express'd.

9

"Oh! Ellen; 'tis a fearful thing—
Beyond the mind's imagining—
For Woman, when her virtue's gone,
To feel her lover's heartless scorn.
Yet, when she loves, how vain to tell
She trusts too fondly—loves too well!
Once in her heart that feeling enter'd,
In it her very soul is centred;
Those visions which so sweetly rise
Before a maiden's dreamy eyes,
She fondly hopes to realize;

And sees, in Fancy's realms afar, The sunny side of Woman's life, Where she, a loved and happy wife, Lives on in true felicity,

With happy children round her knee,

Nor dreams how rare such blessings are! Her wiser parents strive in vain

Her blinding feelings to restrain;

Though absolute through all the past,

Their pow'r is overthrown at last;

For when Love comes upon the field,

How soon can former ties be riven!

Before him all his foes are driven,

They all must perish, fly, or yield,-

Allegiance must to him be given:

Her innocent, impulsive soul

Soars on its flight, nor brooks controul;

Unconscious of approaching sin,

She only lives his love to win;

By her own guiltless passion blest,

Deems that the feeling of his breast;

And trusts, with guileless love and joy,

To one who wooes her—to destroy!

10 one who wooes her—to destroy

Until, in some unhappy hour,

She falls a victim to his pow'r;

And from the dream must soon awaken

Deceived—scorn'd—ruin'd—and forsaken.

#### 10

"I dream'd!-Alas! that time should bring The horrors of awakening; I dream'd!—and I awoke to life With mingled rage and sorrow rife; Enraged and mortified to find That I had been so fondly blind,— Had yielded all my love and trust To gratify a villain's lust: And grieved that I alone should err, Nor be the only sufferer; For those who saw my life begin-Who'd always kind and loving been-Would share the sorrow of my sin. Oh! with what bitter thoughts I view'd My obstinate ingratitude; Rebellious pride all thrown aside My spirit for forgiveness cried; But that I never could obtain,— I'd ne'er return to them again; My sole design was then to fly From my deceiver's mocking eye; For oh! 'twas maddening to bear The gloating exultation there:

In other lands I'd hide the shame That soil'd the honour of our name; With none my future life to share What matter how it past—or where?

#### 11

"We reach'd a port,—a port in France, There I escaped his vigilance; To meet with him my greatest dread, I thought not-cared not-where I fled. Alone, and far away from Spain, Oh! how could I myself maintain? I thought not thus until I stood In need of necessary food, And then the fearful question rose-A fitting crown to former woes. 'Tis strange! when life has naught to give, And Reason asks us why we live;-When Hope lies dead within the breast, And the tired spirit longs for rest;-When 'twould seem happiness to die, We strive to live—we know not why. But Nature prompts the soul to wait For the last closing act of Fate;

And Reason, with her latest breath, Shrinks back from self-inflicted death. 'Twas thus with me: from life's last track An inward feeling held me back; A something to existence bound me,— For sustenance I look'd around me: But oh! how vain to seek support Unearn'd by labour-gold unbought! In supplication's humble form I found few hearts with pity warm, For strangers either pass'd me by With hasty steps—averted eye, Or with desire my form survey'd, And many a silent offer made. Oh! Ellen, tempted thus to sin,— Oppress'd without-oppress'd within By all that destitution feels,— Unanswer'd Virtue's last appeals, And doom'd through her and Want to die, Or else to Vice and Plenty fly:-Urged on to make the latter choice By Hunger's never-ceasing voice,— Thy gentle nature must forgive One who has sinn'd,—but sinn'd to live!

For other lips these lips have press'd, And other forms this form caress'd, And life was purchased with the price That wealth gives poverty for vice.

12

"Oh! Ellen; 'tis a fearful life Of outward calm and inward strife,-A life 'gainst which the soul rebels,— The heart with indignation swells,— By ev'ry rising voice within Condemn'd, accurst ;—a life of sin. But when of chastity bereft, What other life 's for Woman left? From Virtue's habitation sent,— The wish denied her to repent, And hurried on against her will While all her soul 's with virtue still To seek for bread and hide her face In Vice and Crime's abiding place,— She learn's to scoff at Virtue's name, And leads at last a life of shame. Could others—when apparell'd gay She walks the midnight hours away,

And strives to lure the passer by, Herself a mark for ev'ry eye ;— Could others see the thoughts that press Within her lonely heart's recess, They'd pity more—condemn her less. Compell'd to wear a constant smile With wormwood in her heart the while :-To hide her thoughts from other breasts, And cringe to those she most detests;— To know-of all who seek or shun, She 's scorn'd by most, and loved by none;-To feel—not other's scorn alone, But—oh! how maddening!—her own! In slumber doom'd at times to roam In dreams about her early home, And with the visions round her mind To wake, and gaze around, to find Herself a votary of Sin, And think of what she might have been! And oh! far worse than all the rest. To feel 'twas her too loving breast That made her what her soul abhors; While he, of all her sin the cause, Still lives untouch'd by human laws.

Oh! fearful is the punishment

To trusting, erring Woman sent;

To her no clemency is shown,

E'en though she err'd through love alone;

On earth her sin is ne'er forgiven,—

God grant it be not so in heaven!

13

"Thus lived I till a year had past, When Pity sent relief at last; For then, but ah! no more with fear, I heard that he again was near; No more with fear,—all hope and dread Within my breast had long been dead. We met:—he urged me thence to roam, And share with him his ocean home. I listen'd: ---why should I refuse? ---I'd then no parents' love to lose; And, though the author of my fate, I bore him neither love nor hate. - When from his galling glance I fled I cared not where the future led, But felt—that year of horrors o'er -Soul-wearied with the worldly war.

I only wish'd to gain release

From further sin, and die in peace;

And so with passive heart and hand,

Again with him I left the land.

#### 14

"Since then I've witness'd many a crime On many a sea,—in many a clime; Were I of Bertrand's deeds to speak. 'Twould chill thy blood, and pale thy cheek: Oft have I felt my heart rebel When unmolesting Weakness fell,-A victim to unequal strife,— By lawless strength deprived of life; And, goaded by the glaring guilt, Have wildly clutch'd my dagger's hilt: But now, accustom'd to the sight, I calmly gaze upon the fight: Or if therein I chance to see Some aggravated cruelty, And feel revengeful thoughts arise, My soul to them at once replies That He, who marks the sparrow's fall, Ere long will justly judge us all,

Perchance thou dost my choice condemn
For dwelling here as one of them?
But though I stand at Bertrand's side,
And others view me as his bride,
Oh! deem not I his deeds approve,—
I vainly strive his heart to move;
And in his mind, whene'er I could,
Have sought to sow some seeds of Good.

#### 15

"Dear Ellen! now my tale is done: Thou art the first—last—only one To whom my lips have thus reveal'd The thoughts within my breast conceal'd: Henceforward they must there remain, And never float in sound again. 'Midst votaries of Crime and Strife I'll pass away my future life; And strive, as best I may, to win, Their Chief from his career of sin. Oh! may I thus atone the past, And God's forgiveness gain at last; That—though of them I scarce dare think— When in eternity I sink To those whose hearts my sin hath riven I may at last be join'd in Heaven."

#### 16

Azela ceased: upon the maiden's face
O'erflowing sympathy had left its trace;
Condemned?—that pardon'd by the Son above—
An error made through over-trusting love!
Ah, no! she gazed upon that stricken frame,
Forgave and pitied; but she could not blame.

#### 17

Next morn the ship, returning with a prize,
Proved the success of Bertrand's enterprise;
True, blood was paid for all he had to show,—
The sea held many an unoffending foe,
But that was nothing;—so that he possess'd
Abundant stores, he cared not for the rest,
The vessels anchor'd, while the busy band
Transferr'd selected plunder to the land,
The women, jealous of the stranger maid
For whom Azela such regard display'd,
And envious of her beauty and her youth,
Told Bertrand all, and magnified the truth;—
Vow'd that since Ellen to the Isle was brought,
Azela ne'er had given them a thought;

But on her charge had lavish'd all her cares,
And for her comfort had neglected theirs.

Their cunning words fulfill'd their hearts desire,
For Bertrand's brow proclaim'd his rising ire;—
Not thus through kindness should her grief abate,
She'd spurn'd his love, and she should feel his hate.
He sought his dwelling, found Azela there,
And bade her quickly for the sea prepare;—
By a rich trader tempted o'er the main,

On that same evening he'd depart again;
Meanwhile—and here his eyes malignant shone,—
Her captive friend could learn to weep alone.

18

Azela heard, with sorrow and dismay;
And, when released, to Ellen made her way;
With mutual grief they mourn'd the Chief's command,
Till the time came when she should leave the land;
And then they parted: it were vain to tell
The sorrow of their first—and last—farewell.
Azela's features scarce a sign express'd
Of all she felt—but hid—within her breast;

No rising tears bedimm'd her clear, cold eye,
For in her bosom Feeling's fount was dry:
Her's was the grief to which the gazer's blind,—
The silent anguish of a hopeless mind,
That takes its being from the heart's decay,
To wring the soul, and wither life away.
With sinking heart the lonely maiden stood
And watch'd Azela till she reach'd the wood;
There turning round, she waved a last adieu,
And quickly vanish'd from the maiden's view.
With bitter tears poor Ellen's eyes ran o'er
As with slow steps she turn'd within the door,
Her lost friend's absence sadly to bemoan,
And feel she was indeed at last alone.

# THE PRIVATEER:

## A METRICAL ROMANCE.

### CANTO THE SEVENTH.

1

The middle watch was past; the eastern sky
Foretold the seaman that the morn was nigh
The moon, fair empress of the silent night,
Had long since westward roll'd her welcome light;
As twilight's queen the star of morning shone,
And made the glory of the skies its own.
The other stars their twinkling rays withdrew,
Till one by one they disappear'd from view;
And when the clouds were fairly fringed with grey,
Alone bright Venus held her upward way.

The eastern clouds are slowly dyed with red,—
O'er all the firmament the tint is spread;
Awhile it glows, then in the eastward dies,
Just as the sun appears about to rise;
Now from the west it slowly fades,—'t has gone;
And clearer light pervades the rising morn.

See! yonder clouds which in the east hang low,
With borrow'd light once more begin to glow;
At first faint rays around their edges shine,
And their etherial boundaries define,
Then from them westward fly the banish'd shades,
And one bright glow their whole extent pervades:
To clouds above it rapidly extends,—
Grows stronger as it widens and ascends,
Till high and wide the deep'ning hue is spread,
And all the universe seems robed in red.
See now! the tint increasing pow'r displays,
And wider, grander still becomes the blaze;
Above—around—o'er ocean—all—is cast
That glow, far too magnificent to last:

Now rises, unimaginably bright,

A semi-circle form'd of pointed light;

From out its centre living fire is shed,

And the sun rises from his ocean bed;

With pace majestic grandly mounting higher,

He gilds the waves with horizontal fire;

Till from their clasp he boldly breaks away,

And reigns on high, the monarch of the day.

2

Thus rose the sun on that eventful morn
When Harold, who, impatient for the dawn,
With rapid strides had paced away the night,
Awaiting, anxiously, returning light.
From England's Isle he'd sail'd a month before,
To track the Privateer the ocean o'er;
But not one trace could all his efforts glean,
Of Bertrand's vessel nought was heard or seen;
Against his plans he thought the Fates combined,
And disappointment clouded round his mind,
Till Hope's bright sun, that saw his search commence,
Fled from the mental twilight of Suspense.

And at his station, in his duties versed, Hoped for the best,—was ready for the worst.

6

Prepared for battle—Harold paced the deck With hopes and fears impossible to check;

With varied thoughts his mind was rife, And varied feelings fill'd his breast,

Impatience for the coming strife

Predominating o'er the rest:

Before his mind there quickly past

The incidents of former days,—

The changes o'er his features cast

The tumult of his soul displays;

Hope, doubt, joy, grief,—for others—fear,

In turns upon his face appear.

Mark now! his brow begins to lower,-

He sees Azela's form pass by,

And feels his retributive power

With rising blood and kindling eye:

Azela's form !--again arose

One dearer to him far than her's;

Imagination shapes her woes

And all the demon in him stirs;

For though that form, to him so dear,
He deems is in you privateer,
The oft directed telescope
Refuses to confirm the hope.
But now the ships are nearing fast,
Again the telescope is raised,
He surely sees her form at last,
For long and ardently he gazed;
Then paused:—a glance decisive took,
And with a disappointed look
Aside the telescope was laid;
And he resumed his former stride;—

But, that 'twas his belov'd's, denied.

The glass a woman's form display'd,

Where then was she? Conjecture rose,
And multiplied imagined woes;
Deprived him of reflection's pow'r,
And almost drove him to despair —
Till from the chaos of his mind
One thought alone arose defined,—
Impatience for the coming hour,
Creating a reaction there.

Revenge, with her insatiate train,

Seized on the troubled mental throne;

Presided o'er his mind again.

And made his feelings all her own;—
Fann'd passion's flame, and yet made clear
Invention's clouded atmosphere:
Thus, while his orders calmly flow,
Preparing all to meet the foe,
His gleaming eye and heaving chest
Betray the fury of his breast;
Foretelling that when he shall stand
With foot to foot, and hand to hand,
'Gainst Bertrand's skill and strength to strive,
One only leaves the spot alive.

8

No longer with distraction rife,

His mind its ruling pow'r displays,

And finds successful, simple ways

To hasten the approaching strife:—

With crooked wake and mistrimm'd sails

He checks the vessel's onward course,

While Bertrand's straighter track prevails,—

His canvas feels the wind's full force;

And ev'ry moment of the race

The pirate gain'd upon the chase.

And what were Harold's feelings then?—

One well accustom'd to command,

With care he station'd all his men

As he had previously plann'd;

And watch'd the movements of his foes,—

Check'd angry feelings as they rose,—

He knew the battle would decide them all;

And either satisfy his breast,

Or give it everlasting rest,

With the wide ocean for its funeral pall.

9

The vessels near'd; so close they drew

That Bertrand's men with eager eyes

Could see the warlike weapons gleam

Upon the forms of Harold's crew;

But they must fall an easy prize,

For scarce a handful did they seem;

And what could they 'gainst numbers do?'

Twas even so; for Harold then

With many of his bravest men

Beneath the decks in ambush lay;

And from their enemies conceal'd

Their numbers;—had they been reveal'd,

The chaser soon had fled away.

The simple scheme succeeded well;

The pirate, rushing o'er the main,

Continued on the chase to gain,

Till side by side they rose and fell;
And not a single shot was fired

Before the grappling-irons were thrown, When Harold's men in haste retired,—

The pirates deem'd the ship their own,

And that the crew had fled;
They clear'd the bulwarks with a bound,
When, to their terror, all around
New forms, as if by magic, rose,
And on them rush'd their ready foes;

To thrice their former number grown,
With Harold at their head.

Confounded by the fierce attack,
They turn'd, and fled for safety back
Upon their ship, but ere 'twas gain'd
Few of the boarding band remain'd;

The rest on Harold's vessel lay,—
The foremost victims of the fray.
The others, to escape their fate,
Threw off their grappling irons,—too late!
For Harold quickly fasten'd his,
And made them face their enemies.
The pirates turn'd like wolves at bay,
No beasts more desperate than they!
Upon their foes they fiercely fell,
And battled resolutely well:
Like Evil combating with Good
Before their enemies they stood;

And loudly rose the din of war:
The gleaming steel's incessant clash—
The sharp report,—the blinding flash,
Scarce noticed by the ear and eye
Of those before them doom'd to die;—
The spreading blood,—the rising smoke,
The fierceness of the fight bespoke:
While many an agonizing cry
Arose despairingly on high
From those who fell to rise no more.

The battle raged: the pirates found

They'd magnified the foemen's force;

Against them all they held their ground,

Nor suffer'd more than equal loss:
For Bertrand, madden'd by the snare
In which he'd blindly fallen there,
His men by voice and actions cheer'd;
And, while his path he swiftly clear'd,
Like a death-dealing fiend appear'd.
Exasperated at the sight,
And eager to decide the fight,
Young Harold sought their Chieftain's life,
Urged on by Até to the strife;—
His way to Bertrand madly press'd,
Who saw him, and divined the rest.

### 11

At last they meet; and in their mien The hatred of their souls is seen; In Harold's glowing face appears The animosity of years;

While Ellen's image nerves his arm,

And makes his frame with passion glow;

He glares defiance on his foe,

But Bertrand stands before him, calm;

Vouchsafing, as his sole reply,

A scornful lip and mocking eye.

12

Their weapons cross'd, and at the sound Their followers half paused around,

By mute consent then backward drew;

Awaiting, expectation rife,

The issue of their Chieftains' strife,

The battle to renew.

Their weapons cross'd; and Harold's blade,
Round Bertrand's form like lightning play'd;
Of self-possession dispossess'd,
Upon his foe he madly press'd;
But thrust and cut in vain he tried,
His sword glanced harmlessly aside;
For Bertrand parried ev'ry blow
With all the art the skilful know,
Displaying on his face the while
A scornful and contemptuous smile.
No idle boast that smile express'd,—

His steady eye and rapid hand
Convinced his foe that he possess'd
Great strength and skill at his command—

And Harold check'd his rapid arm,—
His inward passion strove to calm;
Till, all impulsiveness repress'd,
And stay'd the tumult of his breast,
He felt his wanted strength and skill
Once more obedient to his will;
While Bertrand sneer'd the change to see,
And thus address'd his enemy.

"Rash youth! what dost thou seek to do?
Did'st think to overpow'r my crew?
I own thy scheme was closely veil'd;
But, though by greater force assail'd,
Not yet has our resistance fail'd:
Thy men around in numbers lie,
By thee brought here to fight—and die!
And all the blood they've lost or shed
Calls loud for vengeance on thy head.
Thou art the author of the strife!
And all the dead demand thy life.
For this, and deeds in days gone by,
No cause to be thy friend have I,

Yet I would save thee from the fate
That thou would'st for thyself create,
And offer thee and thine release,
And leave to sail away in peace;
Accept it—while thou hast the pow'r!
Or sleep for ever ere an hour!"

- "Vain boaster!" Harold made reply,
  "I scorn thy offer!—threats defy!
  And either thou or I must die!
  Long have I wish'd this moment nigh;
  And now that it is here at last,
  The present shall atone the past."
- "So be it!" answered Bertrand low,
  As fiercely he attack'd his foe;
  So fiercely, that with all his skill,
  Harold was oft in peril still:
  He felt the many eyes around,
  And knew that he was losing ground.
  Half madden'd by the galling thought,
  To turn the tide of war he sought,

When suddenly a thrill of pain Rush'd swift through every nerve and vein,

> While on his adversary's blade— Before the eyes of all display'd—

He saw the crimson stain.

Turn'd furious by the double smart,

And guided more by rage than art,

He made a desp'rate lunge;—it fail'd!

And Bertrand's ready arm prevail'd:

Before him rapidly it whirl'd,

And Harold's sword on high was hurl'd ;-

Quick from his weaken'd hand 'twas torn,

And swiftly o'er the bulwarks borne.

A moment more had seen him die,

For Bertrand's blade was raised on high,

With fatal force to fall;

But ere that precious moment fled-

While the sword gleam'd above his head,

A sharp report the silence broke,

And harmless fell the threaten'd stroke;

For Bertrand, with a fearful yell,

Upon the deck disabled fell,

Struck by a musket ball.

### 13

As Bertrand fell, his followers by Re-echoed loud their leader's cry, And forward to revenge him sped Across the dying and the dead: But who the author of the deed? Whence did that fatal ball proceed? From where, the weapon in her hands, Azela resolutely stands; No fear of threaten'd death betrays, But all a stoic's strength displays. The men approach,—she waves them back, Though fearless of their fierce attack; So passionless her gestures seem, Her form you might a statue deem; A fearful one to contemplate,— A statue of avenging Fate; So deeply calm, so purely pale, So resolute, and yet so frail.

#### 14

"Stand back, men! back! your furious rage restrain, Ye seek to slay me, but ye seek in vain! For foot by foot they lost their ground,
And one by one they fell around;
On them press'd their conquering foes,
Swiftly fell their deadly blows,
Till the remnant of the band
Forced against the bulwarks stand;

Loudly they for quarter cry,
But their foes the boon deny,
At Harold's stern command:
Why the painful scene prolong?
Let us haste to change the song;—
They were vanquish'd, one by one,
And the glorious noon-day sun
Saw the work of slaughter done;

And the British ensign rise

Proudly o'er the captured prize;—
So boldly lost!—so bravely won!

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1

The fight was o'er; and on the bloody deck
Was many a ghastly, gory human wreck;
There friend and foe in war's confusion lay,
The fated victims of the fatal fray:
On many a lifeless and distorted face
The final feeling still had left its trace;
The orb of light—the mirror of the soul—
Rebellious yet 'gainst chilling Death's control,
Though dull'd the lustre of its former glow,
Seem'd still to glare defiance on the foe!
And that last glance from out its centre shed,
Appall'd the living as they view'd the dead.

2

Amidst the carnage, gasping for his breath, Lay Crime's dark zealot at the point of death; With inward curses on his conquering foes, He'd watch'd the battle drawing to a close; And, one by one, had seen his followers fall, Till, dying fast, he yet survived them all. The battle o'er, his rescued foeman stood In silence gazing on the man of blood; Him Bertrand mark'd, and curst the fatal ball That did its mission ere his arm could fall: Oh! for one moment of his former strength, With him once more within his weapon's length! But thus to die, and leave his foe behind,— His face reveal'd the passion of his mind. His victor's crew, with latent fury warm, Had slowly gather'd round his dying form; On each and all defiant looks he cast, Nor made the present contradict the past: Not one slight sign of penitential fear Mark'd the last moments of his dread career; But, clinging still to life's all-evil side, At war with God and man he lived and died.

On Harold's face he bent his dying gaze,
Fraught with dark hatred's unabated blaze;
Well did that glance those inward thoughts convey
Which the parch'd tongue had lost the power to say;
And at that moment, ere the spirit's flight,—
Ere all was cover'd with eternal night—
It seem'd to gleam with superhuman light!
'Twas the last presence of the parting soul
O'er those bright orbs resigning all control;—
The final glance from mortal vision shed,
Ere to its native realms the spirit fled;
Then the dull'd eye proclaim'd the soul was free,—
Had left Time's regions for Eternity.

3

'Twas afternoon; and on the shore
The maiden gazed the ocean o'er;
But though she look'd upon the bay,
 'Twas with a deep, abstracted air,
 She scarcely saw the billows there,
For ev'ry thought was far away;
But whither gone?—how vain to say!
Or why the blinding teardrops start,
Or what the feelings round her heart.

4

Ye! who upon some distant land Have often sought the nearest strand, And, gazing thence with longing eyes Where the rough billows fall and rise, Have felt that o'er you heaving sea Are all who love—are loved by—thee. Yet-while o'er ocean's broad expanse Ye sent that home—returning glance, And saw the scenes of former years, And felt the swiftly rising tears :-While ev'ry loving thought was theirs-The object of your fondest prayers, And the sole wish your bosom bore Was on them all to gaze once more;— Ye knew that hope—those thoughts—were vain,— That ye would ne'er return again ;-That you blue sea was doom'd to sever Ye from your native land for ever!-Ye—ye alone !—can truly feel The anguish words can ne'er reveal;— Those hopeless thoughts that will not die, But haunt the mind, and point the eye, And time and change alike defy!—

By which the longing heart's oppress'd That beats within an exile's breast.

5

What draws the maiden's eyes away !--Brings back her thoughts from o'er the bay? Why thus has meditation fled, While sudden wonder, in its stead, Has ev'ry feature overspread? And guides her glance, and checks her tears, And fills her mind with hopes and fears;— A ship—a stranger ship appears? It is not Bertrand's! no! not his! And yet!—perchance—perchance it is: Some captured bark; a recent prize; A disappointment fills her eyes. Yet no!—'tis not!—no cannon's roar To say they come boom'd on before! Urged by the thought—she can but try— She waves her handkerchief on high; And waits, in oh! how great suspense, Till, fraught with silent elequence, She sees an answer rise:

'Tis up!—it spreads!—oh heavens! see!

Upon the breeze triumphantly

The British ensign flies!

Saved! saved at last!—perchance by him!

Her senses reel, her eyes grow dim;

But not for long, 'tis quickly o'er,

And on that flag she looks once more,

With all her soul within her eyes;

While sweet, tumultuous feelings rise:

Nor tries she vainly to repress

Her tears of joy and thankfulness;

But, swiftly welling forth, they start;

And, though her lips refuse to part,

God sees the pray'r within her heart.

6

With swelling sails and glitt'ring guns
On, on the noble vessel runs,
As near as varying winds allow
Towards the beach she points her bow;
Away the rising foam is hurl'd,
Still nearer comes that little world,
With Britain's glorious flag unfurl'd;

Expanded gaily by the breeze,
It flutters o'er re-meeting seas,
As o'er the vessel's stern it flies,
A welcome sight to Ellen's eyes.
Than that flag floating from the peak,
Can aught more eloquently speak?
Or, in the universe, confer
More unexpected joy on her?
Ah; no! it waves triumphant there,
An answer to her ev'ry pray'r.

7

But now a boat is on the sea,
The men are pulling lustily;
On, onwards; at a rapid pace,
They row towards the landing place;
And as they swiftly near the shore,
The maiden sees the ship no more:
To ev'ry other object dead,
Towards the boat she turns her head;
It, it alone, the power absorbs
Of Vision's twin created orbs;

That steady, soul-reflecting gaze, The whole intensity displays Of ev'ry feeling, ev'ry thought, To bursting expectation wrought. But now the maiden can discern A figure standing in the stern; It points with gestures of command Where Ellen waits upon the strand, And seems to stimulate the rest To ply their oars with greater zest, For o'er the water, in reply, The little boat appears to fly. On, onwards; till the maid can trace The features of that figure's face; Her vision fails—she scarce can see, But one long glance proclaims—'tis he! 'Tis he / she knows not—sees not—more. But, like a statue on the shore, Stands motionless: her senses swim, She would-but cannot-gaze on him: her lover waves on high, from her sightless eye;

But, though to outward objects blind,
She sees his image in her mind;
Her features silently attest
'Tis sweet confusion fills her breast;
While o'er her fleeting reason reigns
Until the beach her lover gains;
Then to his heart her form is press'd,
Unconscious,—but supremely blest.

8

Their lengthen'd greeting o'er at last,

Her lover soon relates the past;—

The wearying search,—the chase,—the strife,—

His fatally imperill'd life,—

Azela's dauntless deed and dreadful doom;

Yon ship contains Her last remains,

Upon that lonely Isle to find a tomb.

Few words suffice the fate to tell

Of those who in the battle fell,—

Beneath the wave

They found a grave;

And friend and foe alike the hidden waters lave.

Ç

If, from the regions of the wide Unknown,

Where thy tired spirit had'st so lately fled.

To earth once more thy glance immortal sped, When to thy frame the last sad rites were shown;—

Azela! wrong'd Azela! thou must own

No truer tears have ever mourn'd the dead

Than those bright drops on thy rude coffin shed!

May they for former injuries atone!

Farewell! poor victim to Seduction's wile!

For others' sins thou felt'st the chast'ning rod:

Peace to thy ashes! on that lonely Isle

They slowly mingle with the valley's sod:

Peace to thy soul! illumined by His smile,

May it exist re-purified by God!

10

The rite is o'er: a solitary mound

Shows where her ashes lie beneath the ground.

From the sad scene the lovers turn away,—

A boat awaits to bear them from the bay.

They reach the wood, and for one look—the last!—

Are Ellen's eyes upon the valley cast;

Forth from her heart ascends a silent pray'r,
And joy and gratitude are mingled there;
Till one sad thought her sympathy employs,
'Tis—that Azela cannot share her joys.

Progressing quickly, soon they reach the strand,
And thence embarking for their native land
They leave to Harold's second in command
The confiscation of the Pirate's gain;
And to their vessel speed across the main.

Within the bay another ship appears,
Whose presence now excites no rising fears;
Too long she roam'd the curse of that fair clime!—
The home of Sin!—the instrument of Crime!
But now she floats—Destruction's slave no more!—
To bear the Pirate's spoil to Albion's shore.

## 11

The anchor's weigh'd,—the sails unfurl'd,
The vessel ploughs old Ocean's world;
Away, away, towards the north
With eager speed she hastens forth:
When the trade wind of Cancer fails
May western breezes fill her sails,

Till England's welcome cliffs arise

To bless the maid's and Harold's eyes.

Upon the quarter deck they stand,

Side by side and hand in hand,

Gazing on the sinking land.

Oh! who can tell their feelings now

While they behold the vessel's bow

Spurn back the waves and part the sea

To bear them where they fain would be,

And feel, while gazing on the foam,

Each moment finds them nearer home.

May no misfortune mar their present joy,
No future years their dreams of bliss destroy;
May this deep sorrow in their days of youth
Through time to come invigorate their truth,
And teach their hearts, should grief upon them fall,
To trust to Heaven and themselves for all.

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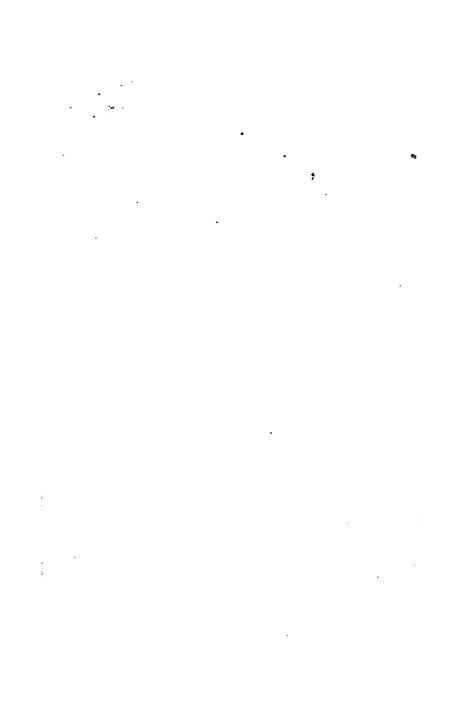
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